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The Bystander, October 9, 1935

The BYSTANDER

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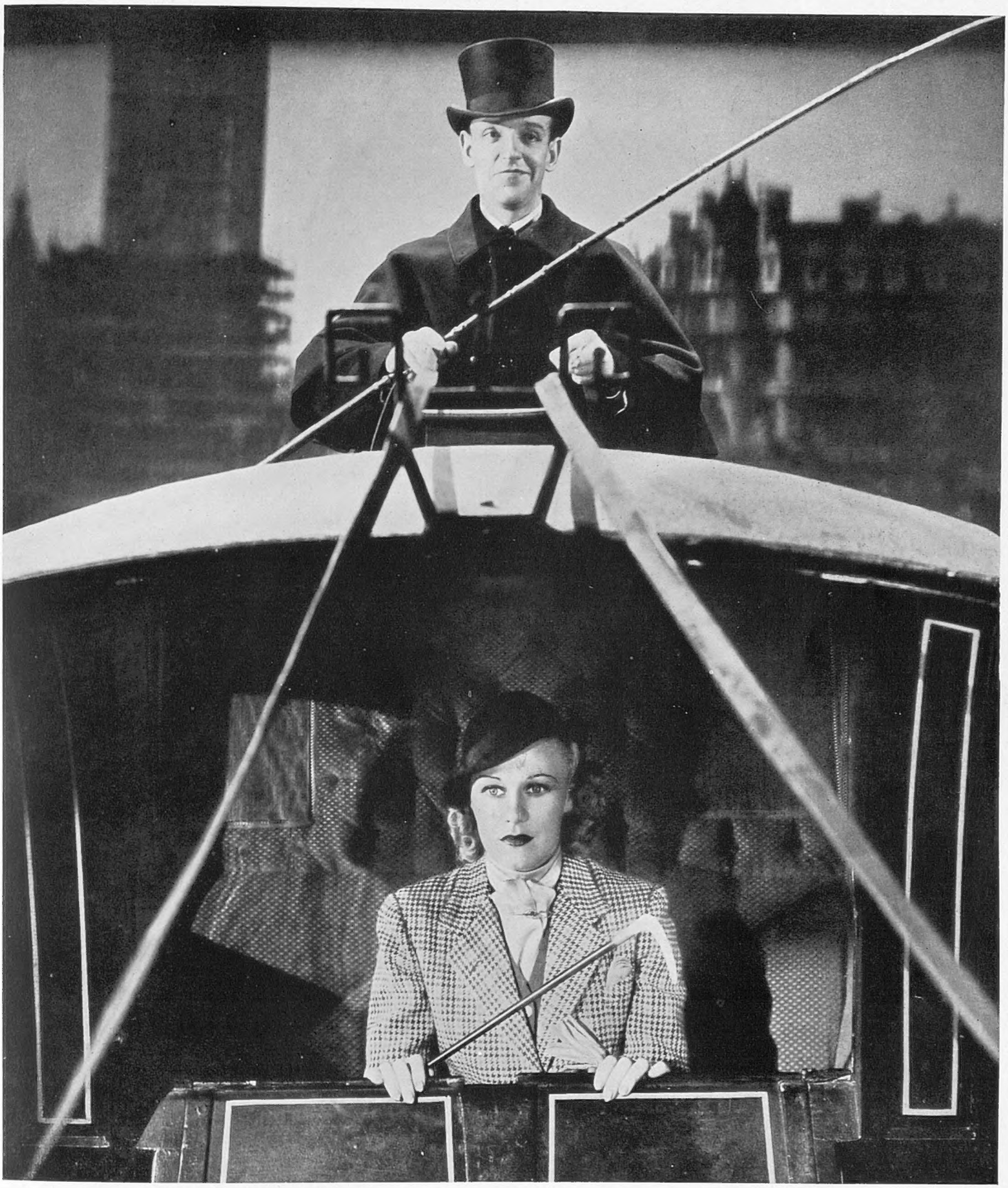

THE CABBY IS FRED ASTAIRE AND THE GIRL IS GINGER ROGERS

The film is "Top Hat" and it starts to-night at the Carlton. There's a complicated and anyway rather unimportant story by Dwight Taylor who wrote "Gay Divorce." What does matter is that Irving Berlin wrote the music with all the wizardry he ever had for making good tunes, and that "Piccolino" is the song which gives its name to Fred and Ginger's new dance. A Venice fiesta gives them the idea of this one, but that doesn't matter either. They don't need any excuse to get dancing — any place and time suits their perfect fast-stepping team-work

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 123 James Agate

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

THERE is nothing precious about James Agate—not even his name. It rhymes with "Heygate," and is a North Country corruption of At-the-Gate. Short and sturdy, bowler-hatted and belligerent, he looks very much like the late Horatio Bottomley—though thinner, of course. Shrewd blue eyes in a reddish face, huge ears which he occasionally waggles, a baldish head, a very quick-speaking voice do not suggest the æsthete, do they? Nor does a passionate devotion to harness ponies, which, nevertheless, fills him with as much emotion as the finest actor alive.

THE son of a cotton merchant and product of Giggleswick and Manchester Grammar School, he claims distinction as the only dramatic critic who can run four looms in a cotton mill, and as the man who, throughout the war, was furthest from gunfire—buying forage at Arles for the troops in Salonika. Modern actors and actresses he regards as selling platers compared with racehorses like Kendal, Irving, and Bernhardt, and he will always rise to the bait like the plumpest little trout if you say that Elizabeth Bergner is a great actress. The only thrill of anticipation he ever feels is before a play of Shakespeare at the Old Vic. or a revival of Ibsen or something with Charles Laughton or Emlyn Williams in it. He regards Noel Coward as being far the greatest Englishman in the theatre to-day, and Lilian Baylis and Cochran as being the greatest modern benefactors of the stage.

JAMES AGATE denies ever being malicious. He never, he says, attacks anything that is written or produced in good faith. His attitude is that of the excited child who points and cries: "Oh, Mummy, look at that!" When he is bored at a first night he may sleep with one ear open. But he always sticks it out to the finish. His favourite plays of the last few years have been *Berkeley Square*, *Musical Chairs*, and all the Tchekov revivals. But he much prefers the films, except when a play is outstandingly good. Fifty minutes of a comedy and then a gangster film—that is how he likes to pass an evening.

HE has only had one play—or rather, dramatised novel—produced. This was *Blessed Are the Rich*. It began with cat-calls and ended ten days later with exactly three people in the stalls, one of whom was the author. He has written twenty-one books, only the last of which, *Ego*, has made money for any of his fourteen publishers.

He lives at Thorpe Bay and Belsize Park, has a handicap of 6 at golf, a great knowledge of cigars, an immense repertoire of quotations, acute bouts of melancholia, and astonishing superstitions, all combined with a gift for gusto which makes him the most brilliant and dangerous critic in the country. Thick-skinned and sensitive, pugnacious and cultured, his chief grief must be that he dare not analyse himself, and could not, if he would.

Norman Parkinson

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg and Timothy

This handsome young man is Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg's son and heir, rising one year old. His mother is twenty-one, and has been married since 1933. Her father, Col. Jimmy Horlick, took Ardverikie, Sir John Ramsden's place, near Kingussie, this year, and has had both his daughters, plus husband and fiancé, and his thirteen-year-old son, staying with him up there

On Tuesday the Carlton Had Its Première and Here Are Some of the People Who Went to It

Luxor Gali-Gali went round the room after the cabaret and called on the Soldatenkovs' large party just to prove how unsolvable his tricks are, even at close quarters. This particular audience includes Mrs. Soldatenkov, Mr. Toby Milbanke, who lent a pound note to be juggled with, Lady Earle (in the new style gold hair-net), Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and Sir Lionel Earle

Mr. M. J. Mordaunt, Mrs. d'Eyncourt, and Mr. Frank another party at the Carlton

Hard Work After Dark

Every Night of Last Week Was Some Sort of a Night Somewhere

Photographs by Swaebe

This Was At the Ritz Re-opening

Left: Miss Mary Brian came on to the Ritz after "Stop . . . Go!" stopped for the night, and had supper à deux with Sir Anthony Weldon

Right: Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, Lady Cecilia Wellesley, and Mr. John Smiley were a quartet at the gala night which celebrated the sixth birthday of Quaglino's

Below left: another party for two at the Ritz reopening consisted of the attractive, smooth-haired Mrs. Maud Barnett and Lord Brecknock

A Sixth Birthday

Below: Miss Hilary Charles, who is appearing in the new Walter Hackett production, had Mr. Tom Willes as her supper partner

Miss Frances Day took Captain Turner and Captain Frank Covell in hand for the picture. She looked very fetching in a black velvet dress, with a bow of black ribbon in her white-platinum hair. Captain Covell is the man responsible for the Ritz and Carlton cabarets

Miss P. Moorhouse was in the same party as the Tennyson-d'Eyncourts, and talked to Mr. Gervase Tennyson-d'Eyncourt while he ate his soup

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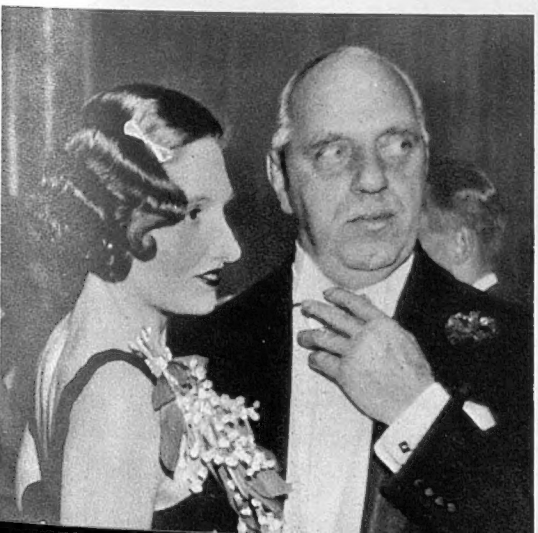
uglas were in
st Tuesday

Party At Quaglino's

Gala Night Hats Went Well

Mr. Quintin Gilbey, Lady Milton, Mrs. Gilbey, and Lord Milton made up another foursome last Wednesday at Quaglino's for the birthday party, and wore their birthday hats without self-consciousness

Lady Warwick in her taffeta dress and with a posy of leaves and berries in her hair couldn't be missed even in a Quaglino's extension-night crowd



And Then on Thursday Night, Grosvenor House Went Tyrolean

The new Austrian cabaret at Grosvenor House had a big send-off. Random views of the room took in (left) General Kentish dancing with his niece, Miss Angela Parker; (above) Lady Anne Hunloke with Mr. Robin Grosvenor as partner; (right) Miss Camilla Parker, who is pretty with or without her hat, going round the dance floor with the Maharajah of Rajpipla, who had a large party

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Swaebe

Now What About These Hats?

They were on parade at the Mills-Fielden wedding reception in Hill Street, where the bride has a flat. They belonged to Patricia, Lady Cottenham, Countess de Pret Roose, Miss Averil Loyd, and her mother, Mrs. Ralph Stobart

THE annual Navy League dinner at Grosvenor House on October 17th is an event of more than usual interest this year. It is an annual function in commemoration of Trafalgar Day, and with all eyes turned anxiously on our naval defences at the moment, it is of more importance than usual. Among the many distinguished guests who have promised to attend are Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, Admiral the Earl of Cork, Sir Walter Runciman, and Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd.

Boring Catch-phrases

WE are so bored with certain catch-phrases that crop up from time to time and are made the answer to everything. There was "Oh, yea!", "You 're telling me!", and, most irritating of all, "So what!" Now the maddening expression, "Oh, rise above it!" has arrived. If you have good grounds for a libel suit, your shares go down, and if everything you have dreaded in this life does actually happen to you, you are expected to "rise above it!"

Hair-nets Again

THERE is a good cabaret at the Carlton, which reopened last Tuesday night. There we saw Lady Earle, bravely wearing one of those very trying wide-meshed hair-nets on the back of her head; Lady Milford Haven dancing with Mr. Toby Milbanke; the Tennyson d'Eyncourts looking like a walking-out couple (actually married nine years!); pretty Mrs. Archie Campbell in blue satin and a sable tippet; and Miss Sheila Morrison Bell, one of the most popular girls in society.

As Slick and Smart as Ever

AT the Ritz reopening we found a bunch of Tyrolean singers, Hildegarde, and "Indefatigable Charlie," the latter fresh from his Riviera success this summer, the Prince of Wales proving a faithful patron of the Sporting Club, where "Charlie" appeared. There was a great gathering of the Mills' clan that night, prior to Charles Mills's marriage to Mrs. Fielden. Lady Chesham was a member of this party, as slick and smart as ever after months of far-off travel; the bride-to-be wore a tiny diamond pheasant in her hair, their wedding coinciding with the opening of pheasant shooting.

She Lives Upstairs

LOTS of smart young-marrieds turned up at the Ritz that night, oddly enough all in black—Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Mrs. Musker, and Lady Veronica Hornby, the last-named showing us how chic real sunburn can be. Miss Camilla Russell was one of the most attractive girls in the room, in a young, slim way and an original dress. Mrs. Manville Gould is in our midst again, and was with Mr. Thomas Weldon that night. Sylvia Lady Poulett and the Ranee of Pudakota were both wearing long diamond and pearl ear-rings of quite exceptional beauty, and were in a large party presided over by Mrs. Simon Brand, who enjoys entertaining there, as she lives upstairs.

Married in Black

AFTER their early-morning wedding at Caxton Hall, Betty Fielden and Charlie Mills received their friends at the bride's flat in Hill Street. There we found Mrs. Stobart and her pretty debutante daughter, both in ultra-new and smart black clothes; Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills, just back from a long sojourn on the Riviera; Celia Byass, whose new streamline figure suits her a treat; Mrs. Cameron, a great friend of the bride; and Mrs. Teddie Thompson, one of the most amusing women in London.

The new Mrs. Charles Mills wore black for her third wedding, and a mouth-watering coat smothered in blue fox. Their honeymoon is to be spent in Vienna and Budapest, and they are already very hospitably arranging house-parties at Hillborough Hall on their return.

Swaebe

The Man Who Makes Thrillers

Alfred Hitchcock and his wife were at the first night of "Please, Teacher!" at the Hippodrome. He is the best thriller-director in England, and was responsible for "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

Sasha

Guest and Hostess Speaking Confidentially

Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe is the guest and Princess Paul Troubetskoy is the hostess. She and Mr. Robert Garrett gave a party (which included an indoor firework display) to celebrate his birthday and the production-start of the Garrett.Klement film, "A Woman Alone," which Anna Sten and Henry Wilcoxon are starring in

Off to America

THE Dorchester is drawing the town with the best cabaret they have had yet. We may be shot for using a maddening expression—"glamour"—but that place has got it o' nights.

After little Olive Haxton's wedding, her uncle, "Babe" Barnato, who gave her away, had a birthday party of his own there. His very attractive wife, we hear, is off soon to America to visit her parents. His mother, Mrs. Barney Barnato, who was there that night, is a marvellous old lady.

Other members of the party were Mrs. Nick Prinsep, wisely dressed in black velvet, the best-known background for lovely jewellery, and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Joel, home for a holiday from South Africa. She was Peggy Marsh, and looks absurdly young to be the mother of that good-looking young man, Tony Johnson.

Probably Diamonds

A CERTAIN infatuated young man gave his cabaret girl-friend a clip brooch (probably diamonds, as he is in the worst stage of infatuation). The other night, when she was prancing around near the ringside table which he occupies nightly, he heard something fall, and there was the clip at his feet. Fate, thought he, and tossed it back. The sad part of this tale is that by the time the show was over and the lady arrived to have supper, she had lost it again, and this time for good.

Many Happy Returns

QUAGLINO'S celebrated its sixth birthday party on Wednesday night with candle-decked cakes and many of the regulars in their usual places. Miss Merle Oberon cut the giant birthday-cake, and Lord Donegall wished the brothers "Quag" many happy returns. We liked Mrs. "Quinney" Gilbey's star-spangled hair, and Lady Warwick's enormous red cabbage-rose on her temple. Mrs. Mary Booker, whom we have not seen for many a day, was in Merle Oberon's party. Her Italian officer's hat (made of cardboard with paper feathers!) was immensely becoming. The famous Mr. Korda, Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., and Mr. Teddie Hulton were other members of this party, which was given in honour of Miss Frances Marion, Hollywood's highest-paid screen play writer.

Amazing Grace and Skill

EARLIER that night we had dined at the Ice Club, and much enjoyed watching the amazing grace and skill of Miss Cecilia Colledge, the champion of Great Britain. One of the great attractions of this club is the warmth and comfort of the restaurant upstairs, shut in by glass walls from the icy atmosphere. Several young German men were accomplishing some astounding feats of skill on the ice. They must all have been champions!

Luggage and Friends Following

How we envy people whose lives are not run "according to plan," and who can dash here or there as the spirit moves them. Mrs. Barbara Walsh is one of these lucky beings and beautiful into the bargain.

Mr. George Sheffield and Miss Psyche Altham

George Berkeley Sheffield is Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield's younger son, and Psyche Altham is the daughter of Mrs. E. Altham, of Little Shelford, Cambs. They were married at Little Shelford, the bride wearing white satin and a tulle veil held by a spray of white enamelled wheat to match her bouquet

The Mills-Fielden Wedding

Mr. Charles Mills, Lady Chesham's brother, and Mrs. Betty Fielden, who was Betty Selby-Lowndes before she married her first husband, had their wedding at the Caxton Hall register office last week

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

When she popped over to New York in August she meant to stay a week or ten days, but she found it fun, so took a house on East 72nd Street, and is ensconced there for the winter, luggage, belongings, and friends following by every boat.

A House-Warming Party

THE Provotoroffs, Vladimir and Waveney, entertain with inspiration in their seventh-floor Portland Place flat. She has been ill, and so they have been away, and a cocktail-party last Thursday was in the nature of a house-warming.

We found Sir Hugh Seely there, cocktailing just for once : politics interest him much more ; Lady Caroline Paget, society film star, but prepared to take work very seriously ; the Hon. Mrs. John Barran, ex-Ruthven twin : two months in Spain is a long holiday, and we 've missed you ; Walter Crisham—great charm in private life, a genius on the stage ; and Mrs. Ansell, who pines to let her Bruton Street flat and escape to America. No one must take it, because " we don't want to lose you."

Charles Birkin was there, too, in evening dress at an incredible hour because he had a date to go round the town with his partners, Hallet and Gatti, and " it isn't done to keep the firm waiting." The Harcourt-Smiths, Miss Peggy Johnston, and lots more besides were in that clever green-and-white room.

Their Initial Effort

A QUICK dash to the Savoy, where Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., at long last allowed us to admit we *have* heard of his new film company—Criterion Film Productions, Ltd. *The Amateur Gentleman* is to be their initial effort, and as long as " Doug. Junior " is kept in this country, it 's O.K. by us. He is such a popular person—unspoilt, and charm personified.

Captain Cunningham Reid was at this party, being drawn by Miss Molly Bishop. Lady Veronica Hornby made a brief appearance in that funny black cap with square corners that suits all the girls so well, and her in particular.

Mrs. Mike Wardell

Has been playing golf at North Berwick, where quite a lot of people still turn out daily on the links. She is Sir Kenneth Crossley's second daughter

Sari Plus Homburg

WHAT a change at Grosvenor House ! Yodelling, stamping and clapping instead of high, thin Yankee voices, full skirts, velvet bodices, and shaving-brush trimmings in hats instead of lace, or almost nothing at all.

At those long, important tables on the raised part of the floor on the opening night we saw the faithful adherents, Lord and Lady Milford Haven, Lord and Lady Queensberry, Lord and Lady Milton (less faithful, the latter, but none the less welcome). The Maharajah of Rajpipla was a host, and the Maharanee of Cooch Behar danced in a scarlet sari, with an Austrian Homburg on at one moment ! Miss Hannen, whom we admire very much, had something very like a scarlet sari on ; Miss Kay Norton was elegance personified ; Lady Queensberry wore long, white globes. Mr. Felix Ferry and Count Salm are to be congratulated on putting on something new, something gay, and entirely original.

A Cricketer Bowled Over

SUCH a funny story we 've just heard about Lord Tennyson. He journeyed to Bournemouth a few weeks or months ago, bent on cricket, as is his wont.

On arrival there he had just got into a taxi with all his bats and bags when a little old woman in a bonnet jumped on to the steps, crying, " I know you. You 're the little man. Give me £10." She had to be dragged forcibly away before she could be convinced that his Lordship was *not* the mystery man belonging to some newspaper, who scatters largesse to those who recognise him !

MISS PEEPS

A Three-Angled Look at Newbury and Newmarket

The Duke of Roxburghe and Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, who are being married on October 24, were racing together at the Newbury Autumn Meeting

Mr. Marcus Marsh, the trainer, and Mrs. Eileen Fearnley-Whittingstall were at Newmarket for the first October sales last week

Lord Glanely is with Lady Adare. He paid second highest price at the Newmarket Sales—600 guineas for a colt by Apelle-Atbara

Weddings of the Week

Mr. Alexander Bridgewater and the Hon. Vanda Vivian

Above: Philip Alexander Clement Bridgewater, of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and the Hon. Vanda Vivian, Lord and Lady Vivian's daughter, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with a guard of honour from the bridegroom's regiment, and pages dressed in the uniform that the Inniskillings wore in 1818. The bride is Lady Weymouth's younger sister

Mr. Gerald Holman and Miss Woodman Burbidge

Gerald Holman and Alva Woodman Burbidge chose Holy Trinity, Brompton, for their wedding. He is the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. F. Kay Holman, of 76, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, and she is the youngest daughter of Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge, of 51, Hans Mansions, and Cisswood, Lower Beeding, Sussex

Capt. Erroll Prior-Palmer and Miss Katharine Bibby

Right: Captain Erroll Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers, and Miss Katharine Bibby were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, also on October 1st. Her parents were the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bibby, of Hardwicke Grange, Shrewsbury. There were ten bridesmaids, of whom the six grown-up ones wore flame-coloured satin dresses and saris, a new fashion for weddings

Peace and War: Cloud Studies by Norman Parkinson

These beautiful (but unhappily appropriate) cloud studies are two of the exhibits in Norman Parkinson's show of photographs which is opening at 1, Dover Street, W.1, on October 15th

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WAS it, do you think, a good idea on the part of Warner Bros., film moguls, to invite Mr. J. Isaacs, M.A. (Oxon.), Lecturer in English Language and Literature, University of London, to compose the impressive preliminary blurb for their to-night's world-première of Reinhardt's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* film, or wasn't it a good idea? When Mr. Isaacs assures the fans that "the fairies often induce what Coleridge called 'that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith'" and that "there are moments of fairy dignity and royal fairy grace that not all the hypersensitiveness of modern analysis can challenge," does it still make you ache like mad to see the film? And, incidentally, do you like lecturers in English who use the words like "super-production," "glamorous," "modernist," and "consummate artistry"?

The fact that all Shakespeare's characters speak American in this Reinhardt film doesn't seem to matter a little bit to us, and we can't understand why Basil Dean had to summon the Press film-boys at once to announce that his blood was boiling. Why shouldn't there be American fairies, anyway? Are all the fairies English? Our old friend and tutor, R. Benchley, theatre scourge and nature-lover, tells us there actually are a few in New York—says he 's not only heard of one or two, but has actually met one at a theatre party. It looked like Peter Pan in a Fifth Avenue lounge suit, but was less rough and bullying, and it was very artistic and willowy and loved André Gide and fluttered about with little rapturous squeaks and cries, so, of course, Mr. Benchley had to hit it, in his plain rugged forthright old New England way. So what?

Sabbath Eve

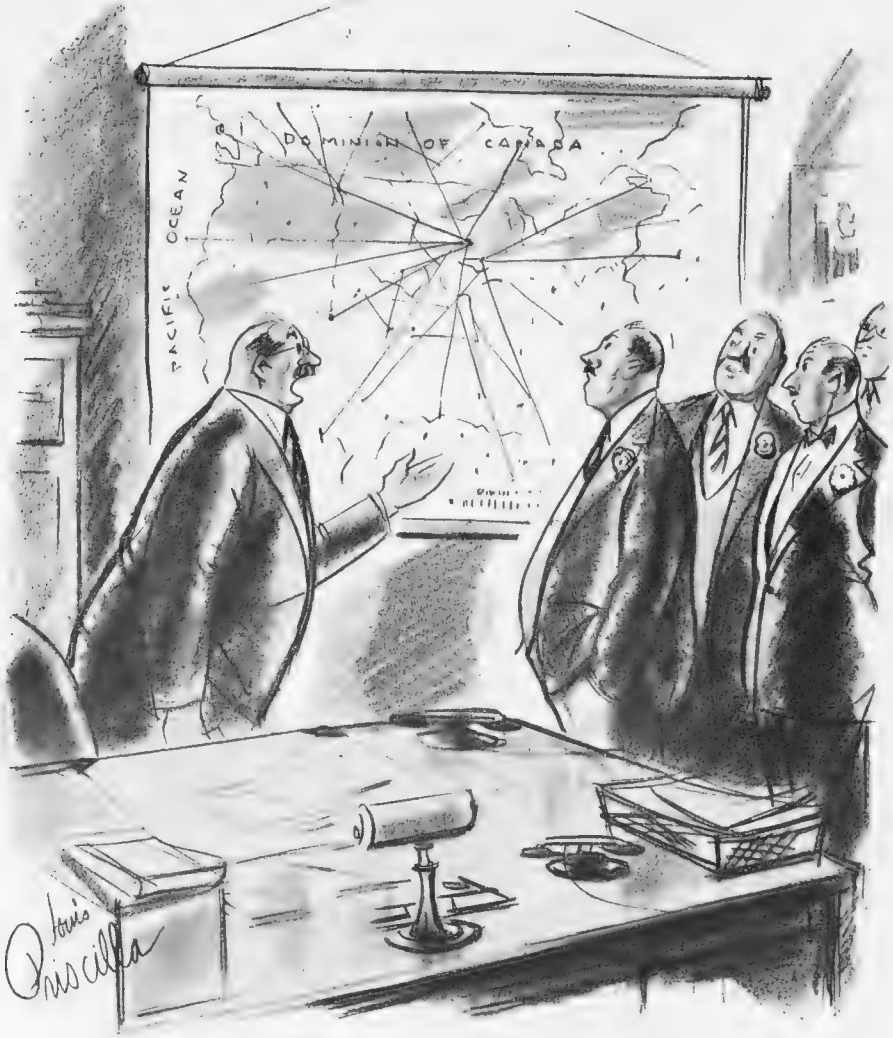
TWICE in the last couple of months a girl we know has nearly starved to death in London, with riches in her bag. On the first occasion, landing from a liner, having had merely a midday smoked-salmon sandwich and a glass of Chablis, she had some little fuss with the Customs. They deliberately kept her back, as they often do in such cases, till after the boat-train had left. The only possible train following, which was late, landed her in a London terminus at about 10.15 on a Sunday night, the restaurant-car having been (a) unobtainable and (b) full up. Faint with hunger, she remembered that her flat was locked up and foodless, her maid away, that her keys were in a trunk, and all her friends in the country. She wavered pallidly into the terminus hotel and asked for something to eat. They stared at her glassily, uncomprehending. Dinner-time was long since over. What hotel in England (especially on a Sunday) has ever heard of people wanting to feed except at the proper time? They shook their heads. She implored, she wept, she offered them immense sums of money, she beat on her forehead, she told them wildly she was starving. After some time the idea penetrated. They understood at length that although it was all highly irregular and bizarre, she actually wanted food. Marvelling still, they at length dug up and boiled a couple of eggs, found some cold meat and salad and a bottle of beer, and gave her what she assures us was the most ambrosial meal she has ever eaten.

Almost exactly the same thing happened to her about five weeks later, coming up on a Sunday from the depths of the West Country. She assures us that until this has happened to you twice you cannot fully comprehend the agony of Old Man Midas.

Les Home-Boys

OBSERVING that one of the crack professional Soccer teams is open to sell its entire first eleven in the open market and buy new ones, we fell a-pondering on the curious lives of these gladiators, who count their fans by the thousand, are bought and sold for enormous sums by their owners, and are paid about £4 to £8 a week; who, like bull-fighters, are the idols of enormous roaring crowds, but, unlike bull-fighters, have only penury, or at best a pub, to look forward to when their brief public career is over. The bull-fighting fan-papers of Spain are very like the football fan-papers of England, with the difference that though the private life of a Spanish bull-fighter — we 've met one—is rarely romantic, the private life of a professional British Soccer player is so utterly devoid of the faintest spark of interest that even estate-agents become glamorous by comparison. With mingled amusement and admiration the other day we watched our favourite comic daily making a noble attempt, through its chief staff sob-sister, to work up an

"Patrick Ignatius Kelly—hold your hand out!"



"Gentlemen! If you must wear flowers, kindly leave these pins alone!"

emotional series dealing with the private lives of Soccer idols. It soon failed, the selected idols being so unspeakably dull, poor dears, so fatally resembling their own footballs in features, outlook, home life, and sentiment-value that we soon felt anguished sympathy for the poor girl whose job it was to galvanise them into something resembling life. This was certainly one of Fleet Street's little flops, ho, ho, don't you think, ha, ha?

Union in Arcadia

A MAN who lives in one of the greener, sleepier English counties told us a rather fragrant story (true) last week. There was a rustic wedding in the old village church recently—Miss Hayseed (let us say) to Mr. Turmutt. Half the countryside was there; for it was a long time since a gentle maiden of that village had been married with four bridal attendants. Nice little things they were, too—three girls and a boy, their ages ranging from two to six, all in white; and what made the occasion perfect, though nobody in the village, from the Rector downwards, seemed to think anything much of it, was that these four dear little children were Miss Hayseed's, by Mr. Turmutt.

Heap Big Crack

ONE of the newspaper boys, haunted by an idea which has often occurred to us, too, asked a Crystal Palace official a few days ago, if, supposing the 5,000 brass bandsmen competing in the National Brass Band Championships were all to blare one special note in unison, it would smash all the panes in Paxton's master-work. The official was dubious and cautious, and explained that, anyway, all the brass bands would be playing separately, at different times. It seems to us the authorities simply lack the nerve to try it. If a certain note played on a violin can smash a glass bowl—you can try that simple experiment any time—it must be possible to extend the principle to the Crystal Palace. A musical note is only a wave of vibrations, after all. We know a woman in Mayfair who can break a Lalique bowl at ten yards with a single high-pitched laugh, or rather, scream. In vain, when the voice of the crone, heard half a block away, sets up an ominous tingling, do frenzied hostesses hurriedly lay down insulating carpets and stretch wires across the ceiling, as recommended by experts from the Stores. The dreadful laugh goes hurtling through such vain expedients and the floor is strewn immediately with fragments of old Bristol ruby, Lalique, and Belleek. If this can and does happen constantly to rare and beautiful glass, why shouldn't five thousand brass bandsmen have a valiant shot at the Crystal Palace, just for fun? Do you know why brass bands exist? No? Nor does anybody. You 'd have to admit, though, that if there could be any justification for a brass band's existence, cracking the Crystal Palace would be it.

Listen, L.N.E.R.

FURTHER to ours of the umpth, about the ridiculous way in which the railway companies slaver and fuss over the business man, we discover now that the new 112-m.p.h. streamline train, Silver Jubilee (L.N.E.R.), has been designed specially in order that the business man may "write letters or look through documents with ease and comfort" (Auntie *Times*). Ho, yes? And you think that 's pretty good, do you, L.N.E.R.? All rosy and satisfied, eh? Well, we 're known about town as the Show-Girl's Friend, L.N.E.R., and we think it 's terrible of you. We know a lawyer who 's perused lots of business men's correspondence in his time, and he 's told us a few things, heh, heh. As a matter of fact,

"Look, darling. Nice, kind man wants to play horses with you!"

most good modern manuals of business training have a section devoted to this important kind of business correspondence, as you can see by glancing at the index. *E.g.*

	Page
Big hug for Oopsy-Poopsy - -	89
Big way, I could care for you in a	107
Big tease, am I really a ? - -	115
Dreamer, I 'm just a - - -	98
" Feedlebaum, Mr., don't call me, just call me " Laddie " - - -	145
Eyes you have, what gorgeous -	68
Girlie, I think you 're - - -	121
Office, don't 'phone me at - -	75
Pie, cherry, to me you 're just a lovely little slice of - - - - -	69

And so on. We all know the old shameful City tricks. Listen, L.N.E.R., if we were planning trains for business men we 'd have the seats stuffed with old iron and rocks and we 'd have the carriage-wheels perfectly square. That would learn them to write the things they do.

Haute École

APROPOS of glass (see above), a horse has just solved a problem for us. Taking fright on Epsom Downs, and possibly not insensitive to atmosphere, this horse bolted two miles into town and ended by crashing through a plate-glass window a quarter of an inch thick, with his rider still up. Both had to retire to hospital. This satisfies us at last about horses diving through glass. We know quite a few horsey people, but none of them has ever been able to tell us from experience whether that celebrated Laverick Wells incident in *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* is plausible or not. You probably know Leech's coloured plate illustrating it. Mr. Caingey Thornton's redoubtable brown jumps clean through a draper's plate-glass window among the muslins, followed by Mr. Sponge on his chestnut, and neither of these gay sportsmen nor their gees is a penny the worse. Ergo, either horses and men were 100 per cent. tougher a century ago, or Surtees was romancing, like his friend Alken, the artist. In every Alken hunting-print you see gentlemen in pink taking neck-breaking tosses or running miles across country after their mounts. Surtees himself remarks somewhere that foxhunting doesn't present quite such lethal opportunities as people might imagine from Mr. Ackermann's print-shop window.

Printers' Pie

WE 'RE extremely obliged to a fair correspondent who has sent us an interesting cutting from a North country paper referring to a performance by the local operatic society of *The Gondoliers*, and running thus :

Despite a temporary bitch in the opening chorus of the second act, Mr. ——— earned high praise for his skilful stage-management.

Everybody who has ever had anything to do with amateur theatricals knows how these things crop up, and we 're not surprised, everything considered, that at last somebody has rebelled. On the other hand it may possibly be a misprint, in which case we 're handing it on to a friend of ours who has the finest collection of such things in Great Britain. His prize exhibit, the most colossally comic and epoch-making misprint in our island story, is from *The Times* of the late 'nineties, and don't we wish we could reproduce it here. It involves a Very High Personage Indeed, on an occasion of the Utmost Solemnity, and copies of *The Times* issue containing this mirific and earth-shaking misprint—due, so the legend runs, to an honest compositor who was under notice and had a legitimate grievance—are worth gold untold. We hate to tantalise you like this, but honestly we dursn't re-print it. We shall just have to whisper it to you in the smoking-room some time.

" Have you decided what you 're going to do with your life, Trumpington ? "

Cue for Band

OVERHEARD in a cocktail-bar near Piccadilly the other morning :

WAITER (with 'phone message, to massive gent., six feet six by six) : Beg pardon, sir, but are you Mr. Smothers ?

MASSIVE GENT. (haughtily) : No, thank God ! Do I *look* like a Mr. Smothers ?

VERY SMALL GENT. (five feet by six inches, exquisitely dressed, rising as it were from the very bowels of the earth, indignantly) : Thank God you do *not*, sir ! *I* am Mr. Smothers !

Collapse (as those witty *Punch* boys say) of massive gent.

THE BYSTANDERS

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 51.—Caradoc Evans

As whisky goes with oysters,
As waters mix with oil,
As mustard-plasters soothe an
Extremely fiery boil,
As sandals keep the feet dry
When through deep mud you squelch,
So Evans is looked up to
And revered by all the Welsh.

To judge by what he 's written
Of those Welshmen who lead lives
Spent chiefly in seducing
Their nearest neighbours' wives,
Then go and preach in chapels
With unction that ne'er fails,
One feels he 's hardly nuts on
The sons of gallant Wales !

He doesn't try to soften
His literary blows,
But sets folk up in numbers,
Then knocks them down in rows.
For dealing with the Welsh he
Just copies how they spell
And with a hearty gusto
He gives 'em double 'ell.

B. W.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Sketches by Rouson

Ted (Mark Daly) watches the procession of life that passes before his coffee stall. From left to right are an unemployed actress (Joan Marion), a musician (Francis James), a cabaret dancer (Shirley Houston), a crook (Anthony Ireland), a scapegoat (Frederick Cooper), a playwright (Percy Marmont), a sailor (Norman Shelley), and a taxidriver (George Dillon)

Cracks and Snacks

"Closing at Sunrise" (Royalty Theatre)

THE coffee-stall has long been a popular venue for revue and music-hall sketches. Now it has been promoted by Richard Carruthers into the scene of action for the three acts of his play *Closing at Sunrise*. By the way, do coffee-stalls close at sunrise? If so, working hours in the winter must be a bit strenuous and anti-Shop Hours Act. Mark Daly puts up a very good show as the genial and amusing proprietor who is possessed of a useful Cockney shrewdness which enables him to deal tactfully and efficiently with his very varied clientèle. It is, indeed, a super coffee-stall, complete with a lean-to room where customers can be served at small tables, and even indulge in a game of Corinthian bagatelle It seems possible that he may be an embryonic Mr. Joe Lyons, as he prospers to the extent of a staff, one Charlie (Edwin Ellis), who does some crashing work as a washer-up; and also Frank (Frederick Cooper), a down-and-out hard-luck man to whom he kindly gives a job, presumably to pick up the pieces of china that Charlie breaks.

THE habitués of this stall include Stanley (Percy Marmont), an unsuccessful (until the third act) playwright, a violinist engaged in an orchestra, who is the husband of a cabaret dancer, Doris, who also drops in for cups of black coffee; she is not at all a doubtful character. This part is played by Shirley Houston, the third of the celebrated and versatile Houston sisters, with the most finished aplomb; this very young actress has a great sense of character, and as there is doubtless a future before her, we shall be able later on to discover whether she possesses charm as well

THERE is rather a feeling that the conventionally melodramatic accessories such as forgers and revolvers are crammed down the throats of the audience at an indigestible rate, and it is too much an affair of multum in parvo. The dialogue abounds in wisecracks, and the situations are either sentimental or sensational. Still, at the conclusion there is the feeling of having eaten, against time, a sufficient but not very distinguished table d'hôte meal.

"Immortal Garden," at the Playhouse

ALL good gardens should have carefully arranged plots, and *Immortal Garden*, H. C. G. Stevens's play, dealing with the borders of death, rather than the borders of flowers, has a very definite one. An old general for whom life now holds but little interest, finds that he has become a sort of spiritual transport officer to the next world, and is made responsible for directing people through the garden of his Surrey home on to the path that will lead them to the future life.

It is a quiet, unpretentious play which sets out simply and unaffectedly to offer a message of hope and consolation without becoming involved in any contentious theological theses. In this it succeeds admirably, thanks largely to the fine and sympathetic acting of C. V. France as the old general, while others who do good work are Arthur Byrne as a gardener, and Yolande Terrell as the young victim of a car smash.

Clowns and Fairies

In the Reinhardt "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Joe E. Brown as Flute the Bellows-mender

"Goblin, lead them up and down"—Mickey Rooney as the mischief-making Puck

PROFESSOR MAX REINHARDT has already been responsible for two notable stage productions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in America—one in Chicago and one in Hollywood. To-night (Wednesday) his much-heralded screen version will have its world première simultaneously in New York and at the Adelphi Theatre. No matter how much Shakespeare "fans" may commend or condemn the liberties that have been taken with the settings, especially the forest scenes, they can find no fault with the dialogue, which is a hundred per cent. genuine, not one word of the original script having been added to or altered. Mendelssohn's music is played throughout, and although both the costumes and the settings break away from those ordained by convention, Hollywood has treated the dialogue with a deference which would doubtless have gratified its hardly-used author greatly

Left: Quince (Frank McHugh) and Snout (Hugh Herbert) tread a measure with one of Titania's Court

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Mrs. Victor Malcolm

For the Embassy's opening night—crowded, it was—Mrs. Victor Malcolm wore a white dress with silver corded shoulder straps. As Anne Todd, she has been working in the Wells film, "Things to Come," and excellent reports of her acting in it have been made

Mrs. Jimmy Harris

Mrs. Jimmy Harris was also at that big Embassy night, and she wore white, too—satin trimmed with white fox, and decorated with new diamond and ruby clips. She got back from Eden Roc a week or two ago

The Maharanee of Cooch Behar

The Maharanee of Cooch Behar went in a party with Lady Jersey to the Embassy opening, and looked as handsome as usual in a lovely sari. Her ear-rings were of a design new to most people

Mrs. FitzRoy Phillips

Was sketched at a cocktail-party she gave the day before her St. Mark's, North Audley Street, wedding. She was Olive Haxton, is a niece of Captain "Babe" Barnato, and a granddaughter of the late Barney Barnato, and heiress of a considerable fortune

"Bystander" Short Story No. 6

Charlie Chong Prepares High Tea

By Peter Belloc

"GIVE us a yarn, Charlie," remarked Harris in a lazy tone.

"That one abaht the time yer kime aht o' Perim an' th' old josser wanted 'is rashers fer tea," chimed a voice familiar with the bells of Bow.

There was a sweetness in the air that is to be found nowhere else on the broad face of the ocean but to the leeward of the Canary Islands. Heeling over before the steady beam wind, sailing full and by, with every stitch of her canvas set taut and "lifting," the schooner Mariposa flitted across the sea as though she were indeed the butterfly whose name she bore. She slid over the crested waves like some living thing, thoroughly enjoying a game of steeplechase. Every now and then, just to amuse herself and give Mr. Mate an opportunity of muttering lazily to the helmsman, "keep her away, you misery!", she would flutter her fore-tops'l, dip her sprit deep into the advancing sea, and take one over the bow, green as grass.

Every time this happened, the chocolate-coloured helmsman, whose black, glistening hair fell straight to his shoulders, performed a miracle of facial contortion. Biting his under-lip and twisting the upper one so as to show his peculiar pointed teeth, he squinted round at the mate with one eye, keeping the other glued aloft. The snow-covered peak of Teneriffe remained dead ahead, cleft in half, as it were, by the schooner's stiffly stayed jibboom—and the helmsman knew thereby that it was the wind, and not his course, which had shifted.

MARIPOSA was a witch to sail, and Ragitan, her present helmsman, was a magician at sailing her. To any helmsman other than this cheerful Polynesian, the wind would have been foul. But Ragitan could sail on it, and never needed to give away more than a couple of spokes to windward or to leeward.

If Mariposa was a witch to sail, it was equally clear that she was a comfortable ship to sail in. This much was obvious from the attitudes adopted by the watch, and even that of the mate, who, clad in nothing but a pair of grey flannel trousers, lay sprawling in a deck-chair on the weather side of, and slightly abaft, the wheel. At any moment Ragitan expected to hear a prolonged snore!

As to the watch, tradition, if not discipline, insisted on their remaining on or about the main hatch—on or about, because of the six of them, four lay stretched full length on the hatch covers, the remaining two sitting on the deck, their backs resting against the combing.

There were two other men on deck. One was Harry Burke, the Nova Scotian bo'sun—the surliest man and the finest sailor on the whole of God's blue ocean. He leant over the lee bulwark, chewing at his pipe and staring at the water racing past beneath him. He spat with the regularity of a machine. His very attitude exuded hatred of life and contempt for his fellow-men.

The only remaining character was a complete contrast. He rejoiced in the full title of Chong-Sei-Lamsing-Long-Chung-Hamai—"Charlie" for short to the fo'c'stle, and "Celestial" to the afterguard. He stood now by the door of his galley, dressed in immaculate white cotton, complete with white hat. He smiled benignly from morning to night, but in no way allowed his natural gaiety to detract from his equally natural but colossal Oriental dignity. Furthermore, he was an excellent cook, and the soul of the ship's company. It was he who had been thus addressed by Ted Harris, stretched out along the hatch cover.

"It would be one considerable time ago now," began Charlie Chong, with the most perfect pronunciation, but a peculiar misuse of words, "for I was then only lately gone to sea. My fathers,

(Continued on page 56)

Charlie stood now by the door of his galley, dressed in immaculate white cotton, complete with white hat

Illustration by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I

Charlie Chong Prepares High Tea (Continued)

you will of course understand, were big merchants of Hankow, but it always thought to me that much rice or small was all rice, lacquer, gems or ginger, each was always itself and therefore the same." In the best Chinese manner, Charlie Chong was making use of the opportunity to turn his narrative into a life history with plenty of sly boasts.

"I desired that above all things other I was to be learned and acquainted. I took the advice of one more acquainted than I—an advanced and long thinking priest. He demanded of me when last I achieved a distant journey and I told him. He demanded of me what knowledge I attained. I told him. 'Travel is knowledge,' said my sage priest; and that night—you will always remember that I am of the Mandarin's rank, will you not?—I, Chong-Sei-Lamsing-Long-Chung-Hamai, was ship's boy aboard a vessel bound for San Francisco. I might have been a medical doctor or an advocated lawyer, I chose only knowledge, so I went to sea——"

"Blimey!" quoth the Cockney, who alone of all that polyglot crowd, had sense of humour keen enough to seize on the irony of the situation. "Ye pitchin' it in orlright to-night, Charlie. Carry on, matey."

Charlie moved his head only ever so slightly and bent his simple almond eyes on the Cockney. He seemed to radiate waves of dignity. Even the Cockney looked a little crushed and when Chong had exerted what he would have called "appropriate effect," he continued.

"Voyaging is most indeed knowledge," he went on; "and my first journey to sea was not the happiest I have achieved. At San Francisco I regarded the marine with disgust, and joined the staff of the Metropolitan Hotel—very festive"—Charlie paused as though to give time for the import of his words to sink in. He went on: "Voyaging is indeed knowledge," he insisted again, "for it was at the Hotel Metropolitan that I achieved cooking, and having achieved much cooking return to my land to tell them of the acquaintance I earned. But my house have put a bad remark to my name, and I must again return to the marine.

"The Englishman is a big sailor and Captain Hunter was the same. But he knew not the Chinamen. All Chinamen yellow, all Chinamen bad, he thinks. I am cook in his ship Caliph, but he does not think me Number One Chinaman at all. All Chinamen in ship Caliph, and Captain Hunter very silly man.

"We have in our land, you know, the Tongs—what perhaps you call lodges, clubs, what-nots, I do not know. When you sign Chinese crew it is urgent you get big Tong man guarantee good men. Captain Hunter did not comprehend this well at all. Tongs are not always in the best of fellowship, and then they give orders for funny things to happen, and they always must happen.

Two Chang-Wey Tong men, no longer feeling comfy in Hankow, sign on the Caliph for Liverpool. Two Fung-Sho Tong men they sign on, too, and they know what they do so very well indeed. Two Tongs much trouble all the way. Being Chinaman I hear of it very quick, but Captain Hunter sees nothing and only knows what he sees.

"Perim is very hot place in the Red Sea, and we stop here a two-three days before we call at Djibouti, Frenchmen's harbour. I wake up in my bunk one afternoon, and I smell frying bacon—very strong, much bacon. 'Damn sailorman,' I think. 'Chung asleep, lazarette open, sailormen steal Captain's bacon. Chung get whipping.' I search the ship for the transgressors, but no fire in galley, no fire in fo'c'stle, no fire nowhere, weather so hot. Then 'damn firemen,' I think, and go down to stokehold. Smell bacon very strong, everywhere bacon, but no firemen there; one greaser in engine-room, a damn-fool know-nothing, is not acquainted. Never know bacon, never see bacon. Never see, never know nothing."

CHARLIE CHONG paused, and it was only when he ceased speaking that his listeners realised what a delightfully musical voice he possessed. Like nearly all Orientals, he spoke in a monotone, with the minimum flexibility of pitch. But it never grew tiresome, and, while it held the attention of any listener, at the same time one was scarcely conscious that anyone was speaking. It seemed to mingle deliciously with the plash and gurgle of the sea, and the humming and the creaking of the running gear. The four bodies on the hatch, and the two on the deck might easily have been corpses for all signs they showed of life, but when Charlie stopped talking, it was exactly as though the leading instrument of an orchestra had suddenly ceased in the middle of a bar, leaving only the background of the accompaniment.

"Carry on, then, Slushey," grunted a voice.

"It is hurting to recall further episodes," said Chong, and his peaceful soft eyes strayed away to the horizon. "Captain Hunter sent for me as I had premeditated in my mind. He said things shocking to the ears of the cultured. I was a yellow-bellied Chinese thief. I stole his bacon to help further to distend my oriental insides. And he said worse things on the subject of my sacred ancestry which I will not provoke the deceased by repeating. I protested my innocence lest my revered ancestors in the higher air should avenge the insults on my defenceless body. I feared lest I might not be discomforted by a scorpion. My protestations availed me nothing. Captain Hunter laid his insulting hands on my throat and kicked me in the stomach he had reviled across the cabin. I was in considerable pain on the floor when the Chief Engineer came in. Mr. Dumfairlie, a Scottishman, was nicer to me. He looked once and 'You in trouble, Chong?' he says; 'So 'm I,' and he gives me his hand, but I cannot stand.

"He turned to that hell-swine Captain, and say he 's lost four firemen, deserted. Captain say only yellow-bellied Chinese would skin out in very hot place like Perim 'cos all Chinamen something fools. But I think otherwise twice. I know something nobody know. Mr. Dumfairlie and I find two Chinamen"—Chong paused, and his face was transformed by a seraphic smile—"I rake one arm and one leg out of fire-box No. 1. Mr. Dumfairlie he rake all-burnt body out of No. 3! Two Chinese of Fung-Sho Tong have deserted ship."

ONE of the men lying on the hatch muttered a terrible blasphemy, but Charlie Chong, smiling more sweetly than ever, went imperturbably on.

"I cannot forget Captain's boot. So while Chief Engineer is with Captain I cut bacon from my late compatriot's back, nicely cooked. What smell like bacon, taste like bacon. Plenty fat and plenty brine-tub make very good bacon. Captain Hunter have Fung-Lo-Hai for his tea that day and say nothing"—and as he said it, Chong, his hands holding his stomach, rocked in silent mirth.

"Where the hell 's that cook?" called the mate, rising from his deck-chair. "Get the skipper's tea, Celestial, and he wants some bacon with it."

For the first time in years a smile hovered about the corners of Harry Burke's sour mouth, but he was careful that nobody saw it.

THE END.

"Shall I hold the gun while you dial?"

Jessie Matthews

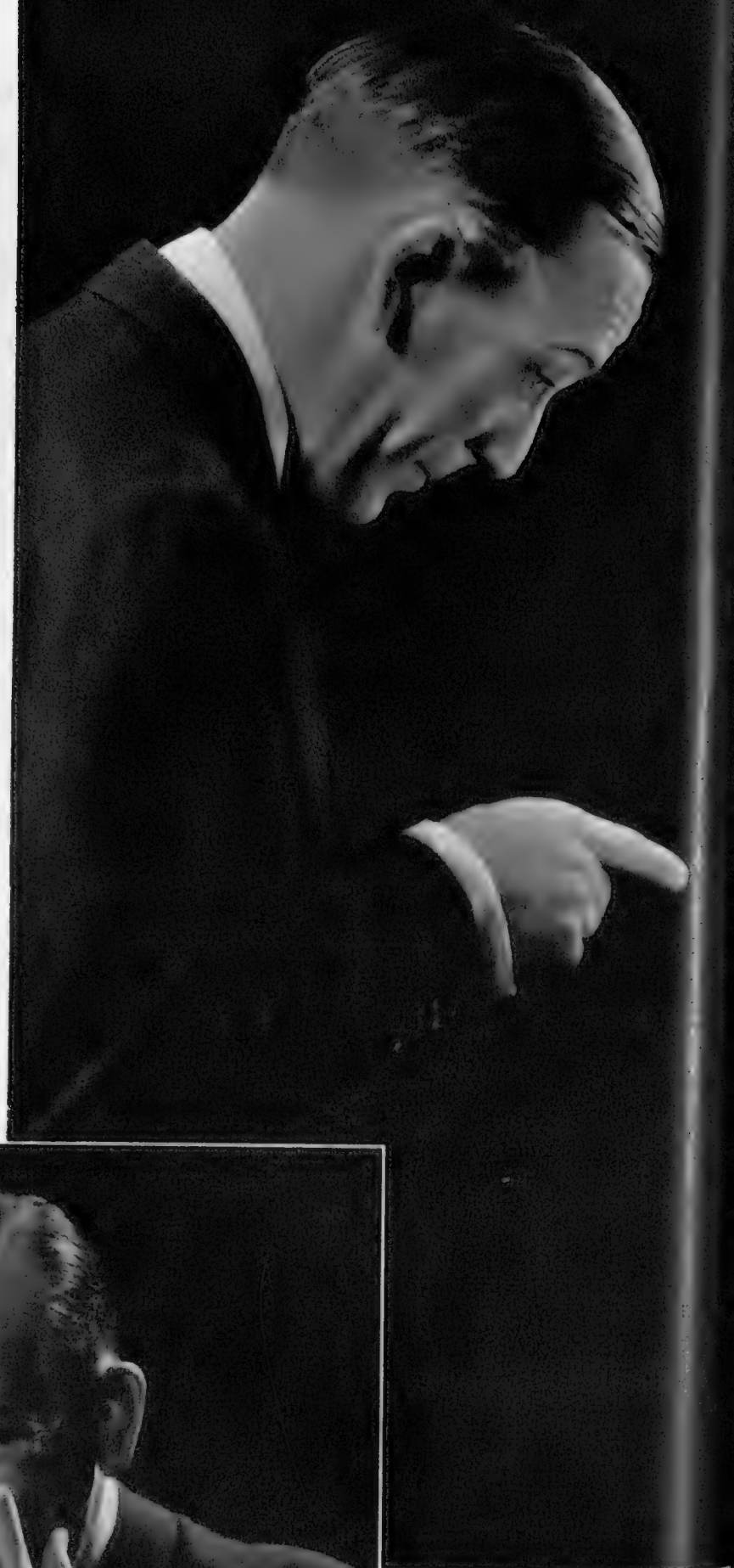
This brilliant, unexpected study of the musical-comedy star was taken by Gerald Haley, the Gaumont-British photographer. Jessie Matthews is working for Gaumont-British at the moment, co-starring with her husband, Sonnie Hale, in "It's a Girl." The film is a musical, with scenes in Paris and the Riviera; the latter ones were shot on the spot in August, when the company went south for it. Victor Savile is the director, and Anna Lee and Griffiths Jones are two more of the cast. There's no sign of Jessie Matthews coming back to the London stage at present. She is off to Hollywood when "It's a Girl" is finished, perhaps, so rumour has said, to co-star with Fred Astaire. The two of them might make a very good dancing team

Noel Coward—A Very Successful Playwright

The Repertoire:

1. We Were Dancing: comedy in two scenes
   The Astonished Heart: play in five scenes
   Red Peppers: interlude with music
2. Hands Across the Sea: comedy in two scenes
   Fumed Oak: an unpleasant comedy
   Shadow Play: musical fantasy

Photographs taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard



The Producer R

Noel Coward, amazing man that he is, up with the new production that he has the music that goes with them, is pro Lawrence in each of them, and is even "To-night at 7.30" has finished its January as "To-night at 8.30," there Lawrence-Coward combination on the incomparable team, and no one pair Gertrude Lawrence, unless it's the Savile Theatre, with Alison Leggat Pellissier, and Kenneth Carten making next Tuesday and Wednesday, three of

"To-night At 8.30"

Noel Coward Makes a Big Experiment; Gertrude Lawrence is His Leading Lady

earses His Leading Lady

beating his own record for versatility all ends eated. So far he has written six plays and cing them himself, playing lead with Gertrude s own joint manager. And by the time rovincial tour and arrived in London in ill be nine plays in the repertoire. To see the age again is no small thing; they are an e Coward idiom across quite so perfectly as uthor himself. Rehearsals are still going on at verley Gregg, Moya Nugent, Alan Webb, Anthony the cast. The first nights in Manchester are present sextet of plays being given each night

Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward—As an Acting Team They're the Top

• FILMS of the DAY

"The Favourite Wins"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Black Fury"

Left: Paul Muni is the hero of a coal-mining drama at the Regal this week—strong he-man stuff which Muni knows well how to handle. The girl is Karen Morley

Below: Liam O'Flaherty's tragic, bitter novel, "The Informer," has been turned into a film, with Victor McLaglen as the treacherous hunted Gypo Nolan, and Margot Grahame as Katie Fox, the girl who loved him and stood by him. It might make a great film, that story; the result, anyway, is showing at the Plaza this week

"The Informer"

WHEN, during a brief holiday or business excursion, I make an en route descent upon hotel lounges, paradoxically named places where diehard convention and modern upholstery make an upright position socially compulsory and physically inevitable and, since I mistime my dinner hour so that the round-the-fire chairs and sofas are already occupied by people of markedly sedentary disposition, my only consolation is that so many members of the provincial and itinerary population are beguiling the time between the *table d'hôte* and their fixed hour for retirement by reading the BYSTANDER.

Gloating over the faint but indubitable enlightenment of their expressions, originally lethargic from a surfeit of invariable diet and conversation, I *hope* that they are studying the film article, though I *know* that they are sleuthing the social news and photographs and trying to understand the jokes.

HOPE, triumphant over natural pessimism, makes me wish that I could write about the films of which advertisements garland the office of that most important person, the Hall Porter, to entice the visitors from the hotel fireside. But the only way in which film criticism can have any universal, as opposed to metropolitan, interest is to concentrate on the favourites, who are sometimes "generally released," poor caged creatures, while still leashed, in some mysterious manner, to London theatres.

Mae West was one of these privileged persons, Shirley Temple is, or will be, George Arliss, Richard Tauber and Grace Moore are still "safe bets." Our own (or to be quite honest, *your* own) Gracie Fields, comes into this category. If it is not one film, it is another, and the same review, in all cases will serve. And, of course, there is Jessie Matthews.

HAVING mentioned Jessie Matthews and George Arliss in the same paragraph, I cannot resist reference to the most delicious press howler of recent years, although it has already been "used," by Nathaniel Gubbins. (We cut it out first, but did not think it worth while *Punch's* half-crown for a joke!)

"*Jessie Matthews will dance before the King and Queen. George Arliss was asked, but film engagements prevented him.*"

BUT I *have* seen some films this week! In *The Dark Angel* you have favourites in appropriate, if unoriginal rôles. Herbert Marshall, whom I once admired, who was a good actor on the stage, excellent on the screen under Lubitsch in *Trouble in Paradise*, but who seems to me to be becoming stickier and stickier, not in the gummy but the wooden sense. A limited and consistent manner (which amounts to mannerisms) does not enhance or even atone for good diction. The strong, silent Englishman is out of date and non-representative. Arliss' histrionic ability, one may say agility, and prestige has survived the decline of this technique. I would class Cedric Hardwicke and Clive Brook as good actors ruined by this fetish, and Colin Clive is going the same way. Only America is credulous of this type.

Fredric March, the real star of *The Dark Angel*, is in grave danger of becoming stereotyped, or Anglicized in the same way. The picture is an English story, made in America, with all the faults of its kind: war, hunting, self-sacrifice, falsified by sentimentality. The one person who stands out is Merle Oberon. Her beauty has always been obvious, her histrionic potentialities are occasionally apparent. In a difficult part, in which she is nearly always on the verge of tears, *The Dark Angel* reveals her as an actress, and she speaks beautifully.

One is moved, in spite of a cynical attitude to the essential situations in *The Dark Angel* and, I believe, that the reason is Merle Oberon's sensitive and sincere performance as a woman who really loves "her man" and gets him in spite of all the artificial interruptions.

MORE favourites in *Stranded*: Kay Francis, one of the best-looking and best-dressed women on the screen, strangely cast as a welfare worker, with George Brent, a straightforward and competent actor without, I think, sufficient personal appeal to make him a "head-liner," as a builder of bridges.

"DANTE'S INFERNO" may be killed by its title. It is not a classic. It is what Mr. Osbert Sitwell would call a "tirade" against American business showmanship and the triumph of perjury. The *Inferno* is a spectacle, the condemned are victims of faulty construction, Spencer Tracy is the perfidious showman and Claire Trevor his accomplice.

Furs of Authority by Debenhams

Debenham & Freebody
Debenhams Ltd.
Wigmore Street, London, W.1

Through Garretto's Eyes . . .

PAOLO GARRETTO is a brilliant cartoonist in at least four languages; his native one is Italian (he was born in Naples), but with a Swiss mother, German grandfather, English grandmother, and Parisian wife, he knows how to say what he wants in most countries. With pencil and brush, that is; his cartoons, sketches, posters, and magazine-covers are equally well-known on both sides of the Atlantic. He is always penetrating, hardly ever bitter, and possessed of a sense of humour that's as universal as it is selective. These three caricatures are good examples of the talent that made his name. To find anything new to say about Joan Crawford or Maurice Chevalier is past the ordinary artist's ken. Garretto's Chevalier, however, seems to put out of fashion every other picture ever made of that gay musketeer

Joan Crawford—Eyes that are Pools of Ambition and a Red Velvet Mouth

Anna Sten—Mascara-ed Inn

cence Plus Corn Coloured Wool Hair

Maurice Chevalier—the Famous Straw Hat and the Famous Lower Lip from a New Angle

Lily Pons—Film Star

THE smallest prima-donna with the highest voice is busily at work in Radio's studio making her first film. It's tentatively called "Love Song," which doesn't seem very original. Jerome Kern who is writing a number of new songs for her might produce something less obvious when the song titles are approved. She has several operatic arias to sing as well (including the "Bell Song" from Delibes' "Lakmé," in which she made her operatic debut in Alsace), and at least one "hot number," plus a few dance steps, for which she had to take hurried lessons. But she's a graceful and versatile little person, so that came easily enough

Well, Which?

Lily Pons evidently likes shoes: all well dressed women do, and the little prima-donna has quite a name for chic. This picture of her Hollywood boot cupboard had forty pairs of this kind and that kind in it, which makes choosing a shoe for the day both easier and more difficult

Bassano

Lady Elizabeth Murray

The Earl and Countess of Dunmore's younger daughter is tall, dark, good-looking, and twenty-two this year. She and her brother, Viscount Fincastle, who is five years older, have been about a lot at the Scottish season's parties and meetings this year. They are both good reel-dancers, and share a preference for their own country to the London round. Lady Elizabeth Murray was on the Nairn seashore when the sand-castle snapshot on the left was taken. Her elder sister is Lady Marjorie Stirling, married Duncan Stirling in 1926, and has two sons

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS," the newest of the Vic-Wells ballets, was first given at the end of last season and was chosen to open the new season a fortnight ago. It is a brilliant addition to the company's repertoire, and an outstanding achievement on the part of the choreographer, Ninette de Valois, the composer, Gavin Gordon, and Rex Whistler, who designed the perfectly Hogarthian décor and dresses. Robert Helpmann, the young Australian premier danseur, is excellent as the Rake; his acting is always good, and he is an accomplished dancer whose clear poised style gives distinction to everything he does. He has made his name with the Vic-Wells Company (his first big part was as Satan in "Job"), though he was known as a dancer in Australia before he came over here. Elizabeth Miller has been with the company for a season or two, and has taken over from Markova the part of the Betrayed Girl with great success. She is a very promising young ballerina, has a distinct talent for acting, and a charming personality

The Card Party Scene—Robert Helpmann as the Rake

Tragedy of a Dissolute—The

The Rake's Progress

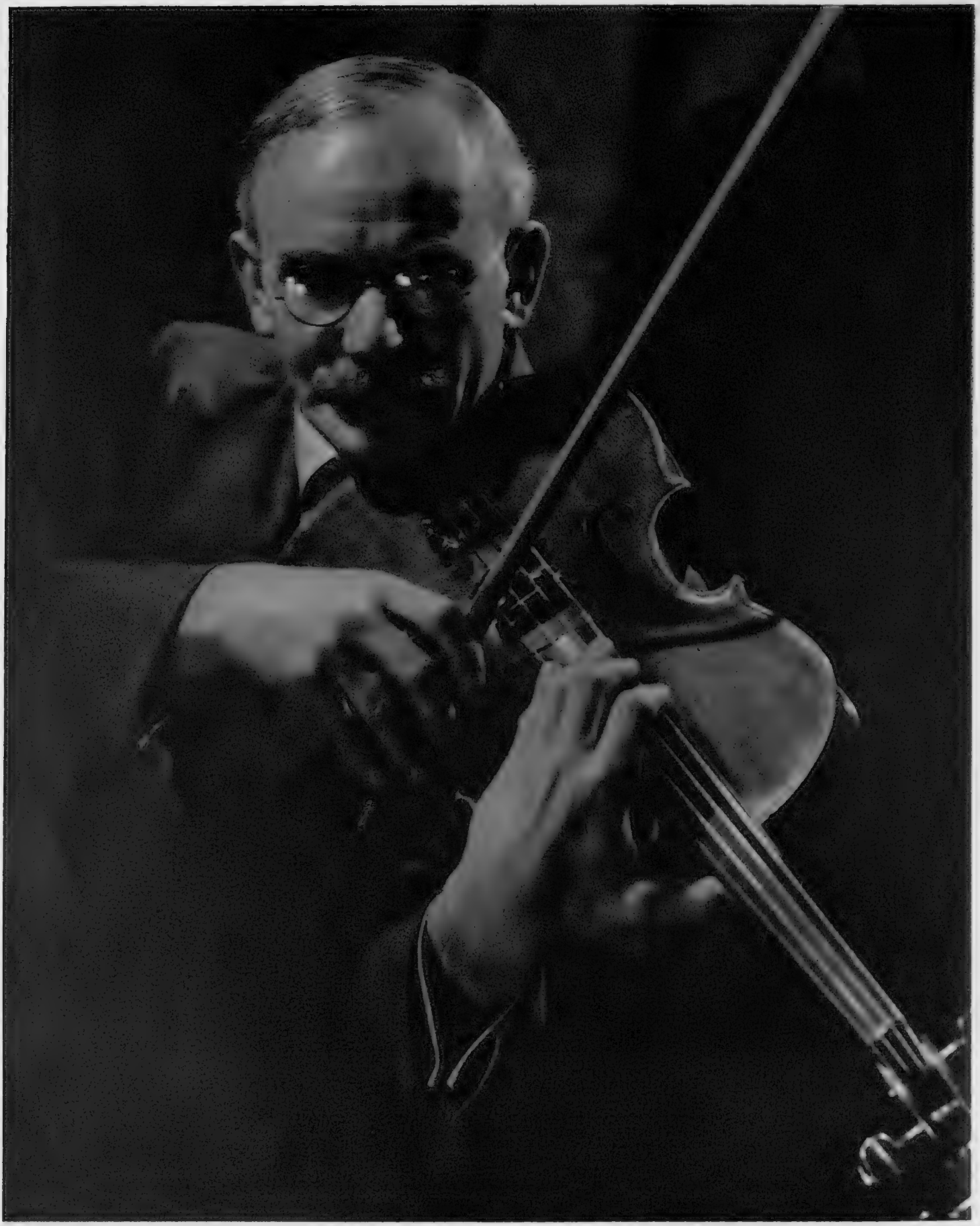
Robert Helpmann and Elizabeth Miller In a Hogarthian Ballet at Sadler's Wells

Left:
Elizabeth Miller as the Betrayed Girl

Photographs by Anthony

Rake Loses His Reason

The Madhouse Scene—The Rake and the Girl



Howard Coster

LIONEL TERTIS—"PROPAGANDIST FOR THE VIOLA"

Lionel Tertis (he was born in West Hartlepool) describes himself with some justice as propagandist for the viola as a solo-instrument. He is, indeed, almost its modern creator as such, and the rare compositions for the viola player as soloist, which have been written of recent years, have generally been conceived for and dedicated to this incorrigibly enthusiastic pioneer and great artist. He played one of these — Vaughan Williams' Suite for Viola and Orchestra — at a Prom in September, and another — Arnold Bax's Sonata for Two Violas and Piano — at the first of Mrs. Angustus Ralli's series of "British Artists" concerts at the Hyde Park Hotel last Sunday, with Myra Hess and William Primrose as his fellow performers. Later he will appear as soloist at a B.B.C. Symphony Concert

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

A midfield incident during the match at Teddington between Old Merchant Taylors and the London Scottish. The latter, thanks largely to the inspired play of H. Lind, won by the comfortable margin of 21 points to nil

So the All Blacks have been beaten. Stale news to you, maybe, but fresh to me as I write. And, where Rugby football is concerned, I can think of very little else.

A great triumph for Swansea, and a great day for Welsh Rugby, but now that the tumult is over, I cannot help seeing the tragedy in it from the New Zealand point of view.

Tragedy is a strong word to use, perhaps, in writing of any game, but the All Blacks had a great record, and I do not believe they need have lost it. I am not referring to the fact that several of their best players were out of action at Swansea. That was a misfortune, but even at full strength I think they would have been beaten. Their players were not at fault individually, but collectively. It was a punishment, this defeat, for mistaken tactics.

THE defeat itself was extraordinary enough when we consider the record of New Zealand teams in this country. In 1905 Dave Gallagher's team was beaten by Wales—a try to nil—a historic game indeed ; but that was the only time a New Zealand team had lost over here in sixty-eight matches. Great players, with wonderful physique, and the confidence and team-work which is part of a touring team's strength. And I believe the All Blacks who are with us now are, potentially, at least, as great players as their predecessors.

They have merely tried to run before they can walk, if I may put it rather crudely. To be more technical, the fact is that a preoccupation with speed in attack appears to have blinded them to the need for sound scrummaging as an essential basis for all tactics.

It is surely useless to rely upon fast work in the open when your work in the tight is so unsound that it gives your opponents the initiative.

ANY plan of campaign, whether it is directed at Abyssinia or the other side's goal-line, must be thorough if it is to be effective.

The All Blacks, it seems to me, have been more concerned with the end of tactics than with their beginnings. To pack 3—4 or 3—4—1, with a view to quick heeling on a dry day against inferior opponents is all very well, but there are wet days and opponents who know how to make use of them.

It was wet at Swansea. The ball was as slippery as a cake of moist soap. The only possible tactics were based upon forward control of that difficult ball. And the All Blacks were not competent to adopt those tactics. In their 3—4—1 scrummage formation they were shoved and beaten. They could not wheel, and they had no co-ordinated system of back-row defence.

Swansea snatched three tries in the first half, and then settled down to keep the game close. And because they could scrummage they succeeded.

IN my opinion the All Blacks must settle to scrummaging, or they will be beaten several times yet. If only this moral could be spread around widely, Rugby football might benefit considerably. I hear rumours of English clubs who are considering adopting the 3—4—1 formation as their regular method of packing. Perhaps they will now be dissuaded. Let them practice it as a quick-heeling expedient in suitable conditions, by all means, but as a standard formation, 3—2—3 or 3—4—1 would surely be altogether more sound.

AS for Swansea, they must be given all credit for a great performance. They played with rare spirit, and made us remember that they only lost to the 1905 All Black by a dropped goal to a try.

They reminded us also of another fact—that it is time that more clubs were given fixtures with these touring teams. It is absurd to put up scratch sides against them—combined teams like Yorkshire and Cumberland or Devon and Cornwall.

NO English club meets the All Blacks, but is it not reasonable to suppose that Leicester, let us say, or the Harlequins, or Blackheath, or Gloucester, would put up a far better show than some hybrid sides like Hampshire and Sussex ? It was clear enough, at any rate, that Swansea were immensely helped by their cohesion as a team, and the club spirit which put so much fire into their play. There are, in fact, generally two or three club sides in the country every season who could be guaranteed to give the England team a mighty hard fight.

I TAKE it that Swansea will supply many players to Wales this year. It is hard to see how Tanner and Davies, the young half-backs, can be kept out of the national side, though the Welsh selectors will be puzzled to know what to do with Cliff Jones. He might drop back to centre, but Wooller is a certainty there, and Claude Davey was so good against the All Blacks that his place must be fairly secure.

Would Cliff Jones be wasted on the wing ? A revolutionary suggestion, and I am against playing a man out of his proper position, but Jones has the exceptional speed and the football sense to make him dangerous wherever he is in the back division. It would seem folly to split up the Tanner-Davis partnership.

OPINION is divided upon the relative merit of these two brilliant youngsters. I think myself that they are equally good in their different positions—the two halves of an uncommonly effective whole. We used to have the same argument about C. A. Kershaw and W. J. A. Davies, and it is true enough that without Kershaw, Davies would not have had his chances to shine. But the two cannot be compared, and so it is with Tanner and this new Davies. Tanner is strong and wiry for his age, with an instinct for the right moment to break away ; and the ability to give admirably swift passes and a level head—as promising a scrum-half as Wales have discovered since the war.

DAVIES is a constructive stand-off half, not, like Cliff Jones, an individualist. He is a beautiful runner, certainly, deceptive and elusive, but he considers his centres, and times his passes perfectly, and knows when to kick for touch and how to rest his forwards.

It is fine to see these young Welshmen developing, and Swansea's great victory has struck a noble blow for Welsh football. It would be splendid if this triumph proved to be a prelude to a real Welsh revival, the revival which is promised every year, but somehow fails to materialise.

There's News in the Air: By Charles Ward

Chas. E. Brown

Have You Ever Seen a Chicken Lay an Egg?

An unsual close-up, showing four bombs at the moment of release from a Handley-Page "Heyford," the standard night-bomber of the Royal Air Force. This photograph was taken at Catfoss, Yorkshire, during training exercises at the Air Armament Camp. Flamborough Head appears under the wheels of the 'plane

Home Airways

TWO new air services have been opened by the Crilly concern, linking Bristol and Norwich with London, 'planes being timed to connect with Imperial Airways liners to and from Paris. The Crilly headquarters is at Leicester, with services to Nottingham, Liverpool, and Northampton, in addition to the new links. Its aircraft are being equipped with wireless and landing lights, in order to maintain the services with regularity throughout the winter, although much must depend on the Air Ministry's organisation of wireless stations and air-route beacons. Aerodrome lighting has made welcome advances this year. The following cities have ordered floodlights and other equipment, or are in the process of installing them—Liverpool, Leeds, Leicester, Bristol, Cardiff, Portsmouth, Southampton, and Brighton. United Airways announce that from last week, their daily service to Blackpool and the Isle of Man will call at Liverpool, and be extended three times a week to Belfast. Part of the schedules call for night flying, so that the Company is the first to operate a British service after dark. Of course, Imperial Airways have operated services to Paris involving night flying, for some time, but the Paris route is lit for this purpose.

Flying the Papers

FOR many years air transport has been used for the carriage of newspapers to Paris and the nearer Continental pleasure resorts in season. Also in the case of special events to fly the evening papers around England. The regular newspaper 'planes are freighters, there being no seats for passengers, and, when it is remembered that the average daily weight from London to Paris, despatched by one firm alone, is more than 3,000 lb., it is obvious that a big machine is needed. Commercial Air Hire, in which the moving spirit is the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, has recently secured the biggest contract ever placed for this type of work. This company has built up a fine record for regularity, in spite of bad weather during last winter, and its pilots have the reputation of being amongst the best "blind flying" experts in the country. On many occasions 'planes have taken off in fog, being flown completely out of sight of land to Le Bourget, and then led into the French airport by directional wireless. The largest machine in the company's fleet is the Avro 642, which can accommodate most of the big morning load. The Inner Circle airline, which has been operated by Commercial Air Hire since the spring, is to be continued between Heston and Croydon, using Dragons.

New Airports

THERE is a new airport at Ramsgate, where Whitney Straight, the racing motorist, has a lease for operational purposes. He is putting into practice some interesting ideas in the construction of an airport building, designed by D. Pleydell-Bouverie. From the air the plan appears like an aeroplane's wing, and in elevation there is a flat roof surmounted by a control tower. All walls are independent of the roof structure, so that rapid alterations to the interior planning can be carried out at low cost. There is accommodation for Customs, a booking-hall, a restaurant, and a bar. At Southend, the Corporation has taken over Rochford, which was an R.F.C. aerodrome early in the war. It is only two miles from the centre of the town, and will ultimately have a flying area of 200 acres. There are runways of half a mile in all directions, with substantial hangar accommodation. The aerodrome has been in use by the local flying club for some time, and there has been a ferry service to Rochester, operated in association with Short Bros., using their "Scion" monoplanes.

"She Sails through the Air"

UNLIKE the daring young man on the flying trapeze, who presumably sailed through the air for money, Mme. Knibysher, of Moscow, came down by parachute just for fun. At the age of eighty, this is no mean achievement, and the old lady declared she wished she were younger so that she could become a pilot. The Russians certainly breed tough! No doubt she was well padded and the whole affair organised as a publicity stunt, but it was part of the Soviet scheme to accustom people to parachuting. Eiffel Towers in miniature have been erected at many Russian cities for practice jumps, the procedure being that you walk the plank and, on stepping into space, an attachment on the tower releases the parachute strapped to your back. Once having tasted the joy of sailing through the air, you will never fear to jump from an aeroplane. The great idea of the scheme is to train soldiers for a new phase of warfare—that of being dropped behind an enemy's lines. Although nothing whatever to do with the subject, I have just received a copy of a notice to American airline pilots—that they are to refrain from flying low over nudist camps. Complaints have been made by the nudist authorities and sightseers are not welcome—presumably, anyone who wants to join by air could do so by parachute.

Around the 'Dromes

I SAW one of the latest Stinson "Reliant" models at Croydon last week, this having been imported by Brian Allen on taking out the agency in this country. Leslie Irvin, the parachute expert, has a Stinson of special interest, with quickly detachable doors and all seats fitted with the chair 'chute, cunningly disguised as part of the upholstery. An interesting appointment has been confirmed at Shoreham, where the instructor to the newly formed South Coast Flying Club is Cecil Pashley.

FRENCH FACES

Parisians We Can Proudly Claim

Yvonne Arnaud (in private life Mrs. Hugh McLellan, wife of a Scots doctor) is a gurgling pet on and off. Started as concert pianist. Still has huge piano in small home, overflowing with dogs. Can convey roguish intelligence plus depths of earthly innuendo with said gurgle. Was very ill about a year ago. West End hopes to see you back, lady.

Above: **Mrs. McCready,** the dignified, athletic and observant wife of Lt.-Colonel Gordon McCready, lives in Chester Terrace. Was Mlle. d'Ayen, daughter of Duc de Noailles. Has Greek nose, green eyes and many tennis cups. Plays early Wimbledon rounds. Elizabeth is unique personality, never spectacular. Takes knowing

Below: **Delysia,** who came to vitalise a 1915 revue, has happily never gone back on us. Is talented artist and an even better trouper. Thanks le bon Dieu every day for her health, her luck and her bewitching accent. Flat is outside Regent's Park and villa outside Biarritz

Right: **Mrs. Bourke-Burrowes,** wife of Major Cecil Bourke-Burrowes, is altogether delightful with quick wit and charm of her diplomat father M. Casenave. Has French Empire drawing-room in Montpelier Square where her jour is attended by good conversationalists. Almost a salon. The gateaux are perfect

Left: **Mrs. Speir,** wife of Colonel Kenneth Speir, whose family are entrenched around North Berwick, was Mlle. Yvette Riant. Is prominent in London's French colony. Has a neat Parisian head, wears tweeds well and dresses small daughter in kilt. Another proof that Frenchwomen choose Scots or Irish husbands

Mrs. Walter Whigham, née Mlle. Jacqueline de Salignac-Fénélon, has banker husband who enjoys less limelight than his niece Mrs. Charles Sweeny. Their flat above Grosvenor Square is superbly furnished and the scene of international bridge parties. Another successful Franco-Scottish marriage

Below: **Comtesse Tillette de Clermont-Tonnerre's** husband represents Chemin-de-Fer du Nord in London. Has a house in Onslow Gardens, three children at school, merry, social outlook and a diplomatic sherry list. Mondaine in the brightest sense

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Osbert Sitwell: By A. G. Macdonell

He is a bold man who reprints in a book the ephemeral articles which he has contributed to the public journals, and he is a self-confident man who, by reprinting them, thereby registers his personal conviction that they are not ephemeral at all, but are well worthy of preservation. Mr. Osbert Sitwell has had the requisite boldness, for he has published a book of essays out of his journalistic writings called *Penny Foolish* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.). And Mr. Sitwell is triumphantly justified in his self-confidence, for these essays are immensely worthy of preservation. They are, of course, written with all Mr. Sitwell's beautiful command of the cadences of English prose. That was only to be expected. And the wit shines through them on every page. And the urbanity of Prince Florizel lends a gently ridiculous pomp. And a sort of bland wisdom puts a twentieth-century tongue into an eighteenth-century cheek in a most engaging way. Whenever I hear one of the sons or daughters of the Ritz described as the wittiest man, or girl, in London, I often wonder how they would fare in conversation with wits like Mr. Sitwell, or Mr. J. B. Morton, or Mr. Bevan Wyndham Lewis, or Mr. Ivor Brown. These are the real wits of the age. Read Mr. Sitwell on Games, on Public Schools, on Prigs, on The Delights of Foreign Colonies, or any one of the idiotic stupidities at which he tilts so lightly and yet so powerfully, and you will see what I mean. Although Mr. Sitwell would throw forty elegant fits at the parallel, I cannot resist the temptation to say that his combination of lightness and power is exactly the same as perfect timing at golf.

There are few more conscientious or painstaking biographers than Mr. Milton Waldman, and his every new book is therefore looked forward to by his circle of admirers. His latest is *Joan of Arc* (Longmans; 12s. 6d.). Of course, it may be said that the immortal tale has been too often told. Mr. Waldman himself mentions in his bibliography twenty-four books about her that have been published during this century, and there must have been many more that do not merit a place in his list. Nevertheless, Mr. Waldman's book is an important addition, for it tells the story simply and clearly, it gathers all the evidence and sifts it once again, it weighs the little scraps of proof and disproof impartially, and—fearful crime in the eyes of historians—it makes history readable. I have only one complaint against Mr. Waldman and that is his tendency to drop into slang phrases, and even, once or twice, into the cardinal sin of dropping into American slang phrases.

I am one of those ridiculous old fogies who make themselves even more ridiculous by standing up for the rising generation against the lieutenant-generals with their splutterings about decadence, and about dogs that are being steadily gone to, and about the great days in Umballa, damme. So it comes to me as a serious shock whenever I read a novel by one of the younger school, all about the younger school, in which nine-tenths of the young men and women are the most howling, unutterable, damnable cads. For if that is how they see themselves—and presumably they ought to know—it means that I have been wasting my time in defending them, and, horror of horrors, that the lieutenant-generals have been right all the time. These didactic remarks have been inspired by a perusal of Miss Anne Stretton's extremely clever new novel, *Proposal* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.). I have never met such a crew of tough eggs—in fiction, I mean. In private life the idea of my meeting such a crew would be so unthinkable as not to be worth discussing—such a swarm of really nasty young folk, with one or two really nasty old folk, too. What makes me sad is that Miss Stretton should waste her talent, her charming felicity of phrase, her swift, terse descriptions of scene and mood upon such a rabble. There are two characters in *Proposal* which make me hope for better things to come. Miss Stretton is certainly capable, and worthy, of better things to come. And I still refuse to believe in those lieutenant-generals.

Elliott and Fry

Sir James Jeans

The famous astronomer's marriage to Fraulein Susi Hock, the elder daughter of Herr and Frau Oskar Hock, took place last week in Vienna. His books have done a very great deal to enable the ordinary man-in-the-street to gain for the first time a practical understanding of astronomy

A very strange book is *New Armour for Old* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), by Mr. W. O'Sullivan Molony. It is a long, rambling, disconnected, inconsequent autobiography of a young, or youngish, man. That is the first impression which it gives. It jumps about bewilderingly from past to present and back again; it talks familiarly about new characters as if they had been introduced and discussed chapters before; it wanders into queer, self-analytical, semi-mystical byways. It is, in fact, on the surface, a complete jumble. But as you go on reading it, the strangeness of it alters. It becomes a book, not of a strange form, or rather formlessness, but of a strange sort of sincerity. No man could expose his soul to the world who did not hold some desperately passionate convictions, and therefore who did not care two straws what the world thought about him and his soul. It is as though Mr. Molony had determined to rid himself for ever of self-consciousness, and to write down about himself exactly what he felt.

There are many interesting scenes, many odd sidelights upon Europe, many adventures. Mr. Molony was an interned civilian prisoner in Rühleben during the War; after it he visited the prison-camps in Poland; in Warsaw lived in the Bristol Hotel, that hotbed of international intrigue; travelled in Morocco; worked for the League of Nations Union in London; and now has written this book. The New Armour, which he has acquired, is the Catholic Faith. It is less easy to describe what the old was. But one thing is certain; Mr. Molony's book shows, with what I have called its strange sort of sincerity, that he is a man who needs, and who is proud to admit it, armour of some kind.

"The Vortex" (Putnam; 7s. 6d.), by Señor Rivera, is a terrible novel about the conditions in the notorious rubber-country of the Putumayo. It is a powerful and grim book, full of the sort of descriptions that Mr. John Masefield used to revel in years ago, before Laureateship descended upon him, about jungles and insects and South American Indians and violence. The Putumayo seems to be as full of horror now as it was in the old days when Roger Casement went there.

The Bystander is anxious to make it quite clear that Mrs. Helena Normanton, whose contribution to *Black Maria, or The Criminals' Omnibus*, was discussed in the book page of September 18th, can in no way be regarded or described as an amateur in literature. Mrs. Normanton, whose *Trial of A. A. Rouse* was widely praised and read, is a barrister-at-law and a well-known writer of distinction.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

The much-talked-of military influence is present in this delightful Matita suit. It is carried out in brown jersey cloth and has a short belted coat edged with fur and fastened up to the neck. The sleeves are gathered at the armholes, which lends breadth to the shoulders, and the skirt is simply cut with a centre pleat in front. A "Fascisti" cap of the same material trimmed with yellow cording completes the scheme. For the afternoon, Matita have designed an enchanting mediæval frock expressed in heavy silk, with a cowl neck, loose cassock sleeves, and split golf ball buttons down the front. The main interest, however, lies in the two-fold colour scheme — namely, Russian blue and prunella

Photo by Lenare

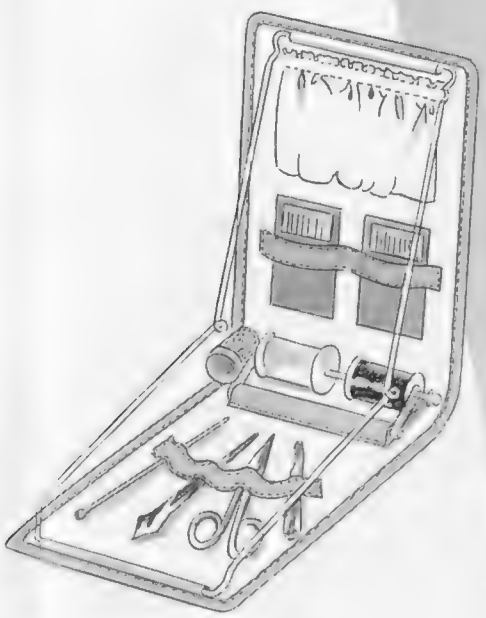
Tweed and Felt for Country Hats

Simplicity is the general rule for country clothes this season, as anything elaborate or fussy tends to look out of place. Hats vary in style but are easy to wear. They are frequently made of fur such as ocelot, leopard, lamb, and mink. Naturally these are usually accompanied by a fur coat or cape, though with tweeds, ocelot and leopard are very effective on their own. The three models pictured on this page are designed by Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly, who also specialise in double "terais" for the tropics. Felt makes the Breton sailor in the top left-hand corner with the shallow tucked-in crown. It is absolutely plain save for sunray stitching and a leather band which encircles the crown and fastens with a chromium buckle. In several becoming shades, it costs 39s. 6d. Next to it on the right, is a square-fronted beret in blue and grey striped tweed. It is simply trimmed with a band of petersham. There are others in Orkney thistledown with scarf and gauntlet gloves to match. Below it on the left is a grey flannel felt "pull-on" flecked with navy. The crown is folded like a Homburg, and trimmed with petersham. There are, of course, many other becoming styles in unspottable velour and felt, trimmed in some cases with feather mounts. An illustrated catalogue, however, will gladly be sent gratis on application

Photos by Philip Harben

Discovered by Peta;
Pictured by Pam.

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES



Here is a delightfully compact work-case in morocco leather which is sure to meet with success, as it is easily packed, and contains scissors, needles, silk, etc. It folds up quite flat, and costs 25s. at Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly

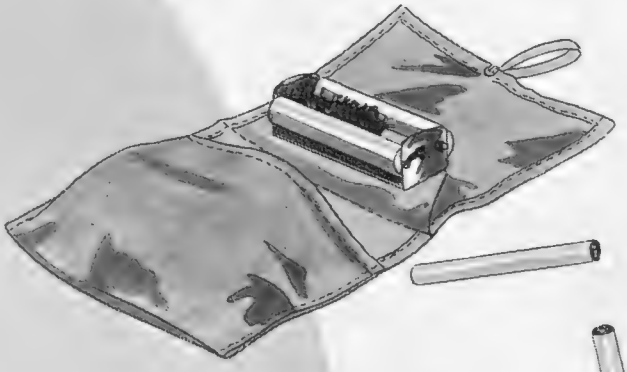
This tortoise has a real shell back, and acts as a table-bell. It will ring by pressing either its head or its tail, and may be seen at Swaine and Adeney

Swaine and Adeney have designed this pigskin racing-bag. Apart from the usual fittings, it contains a betting-book and pencil. The horse's head is hand-painted

Soft Shetland wool edged with swansdown and lined with ninon makes this becoming bed-jacket from Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street. It only costs 29s. 11d., and is made in several colours, including peach, pink, and powder-blue

Children, however young, always delight in a new party-frock. The little girl on the left is wearing one designed by the White House, 51, New Bond Street. It is expressed in white frilled organdie, with insertions of Valenciennes lace,

This little boy is also wearing a party suit from the White House. It is made in ivory washing satin, and is suitable for a child aged from two to three years old. The blouse is trimmed with



Home-made cigarettes are excellent, and so simple with this "One-Hand" pouch, which contains a rolling machine, cigarette papers, and a pocket for tobacco. Full directions as to its workings are included, and the price is 4d.

Golf Clubs At Home

Lansdown, Bath

A View of the Club-house

(1) H. J. Colmer (captain and holder of club's amateur record of 70) and Leslie Smart (honorary secretary and treasurer). (2) H. de Q. Walker (vice-captain), H. S. Stephens, W. R. McChlery, and J. Spence. (3) V. M. Westerby, G. W. Gibbons (competition secretary and committee-man) and K. C. Moore. (4) H. S. Jenkinson and M. F. Clifford-Smith. (5) A. S. Thomas, V. Dark, P. A. Read, and E. M. Rolfe. (6) H. E. Thuell and W. R. Draper. (7) H. P. Glass and Ambrose Smith (professional). (8) T. F. Harding, L. Cramond, and Ernest Taylor. (9) Edward Taylor, F. W. Biggs, and J. Moore

Women's Golf:

County Finals and the English Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

Mrs. Steele, the hon. sec. of Birkdale, whose forethought and kindness are one of the outstanding features of this club

Miss Berry, the Lancashire County Champion, who played top for her county, and Miss Kathleen Bentley (Warwickshire), the Midland Champion

Mrs. Allsop, the Northumberland captain, Mrs. Mewburn Brown, the mother of Mrs. Newton, and Miss Margaret Hodgson, the Northumberland dark horse, who did so well

DEAR BYSTANDER,

BIRKDALE is a place of happy recollections. BYSTANDER Foursomes and their forerunners have been welcomed there many a time and oft, and just such a welcome has been the lot of the county finalists and the English Championship competitors now. The club may have moved to a gorgeous new clubhouse, but they have not forgotten how to entertain visitors, and never have I seen anything to equal the forethought and kindness of Mrs. Steele, the ladies' hon. sec. No detail has been too big or too small for her. That, the amazing modern luxury of the clubhouse, and the vileness of the weather on the second day of the championship, are things which will always stand out in mind at mention of the word "Birkdale." Seen on a sunny day when the sand gleams yellow, that white-towered building suggests Africa and a minaret, but there was nothing African about the weather. For the county finals we had kind, typical late September days, but for the championship . . . ! I must not start on that yet, but tell you about the county finals.

IT is always a pity when the key match of the six comes first of all. Everyone felt that the Essex v. Lancashire match which opened proceedings would virtually decide which would be champion county, and they were right. Essex showed themselves an extremely sound team, good right through, and away they went with a dash that morning. Very special praise seems due to Miss Dorrit Wilkins, twice runner-up in our Girls' Championship and now Essex champion. It is not easy to play ahead of a row of internationals, however much the championship of the county had bestowed the obligation so to do, but Miss Wilkins rose to the responsibility grandly, started by beating Miss Winifred Berry 4 and 3, and went on to win by the same margin from Mrs. Whitley, of Gloucestershire, and by 6 and 5 from Miss Bentley (another ex-Girl), the Midland champion, who led Warwickshire. Mrs. Garon has lengthened and strengthened and yet kept her beautiful chipping, and though she did not putt with quite the usual inspiration, she held on to an uphill battle until she had beaten Mrs. Newton 2 and 1; Miss Garnham had a burst of wins in the middle of the round to defeat Miss Corlett 5 and 3; Miss Plumpton beat Miss Firth 7 and 6, and Miss Audrey Holmes, never up till then, won at the nineteenth from Mrs. Barbour. That was five wins, and only the last two went to Lancashire.

THAT afternoon Essex had a clean sweep against Gloucestershire; Lancashire a 5 to 2 against Warwickshire: Essex could go to bed very happy. But by the next morning they were beginning to remember how they threw away county finals two years ago, from a similar position, and also against Warwickshire: they went out a rather apprehensive team. Warwickshire played up well, Miss Enid Pears (Girls' Championship runner-up in 1933) in especial being a heroine for her last-green win from Mrs. Garon, and it was only by the odd match that they got home. Still, home is home, and it will be Essex county who will be the chief guests of honour at the dinner which Miss D. I. Clark, the L.G.U. executive chairman, is giving at the clubhouse the night after tomorrow. It is their second time in the finals, their first win, and a right well-deserved one.

IT was sad to see Miss Wilkins, who had led the side to victory so nobly, a first-round loser in the championship itself, but Miss Joy Winn was her victor, and she played extremely well. When Greek joins Greek it is distressing, but one must go. So it was with Mrs. Newton and Mrs. M. L. Clarke, and there Lancashire at least got revenge on a Southerner, though not an Essex-ite, for their downfall in the county finals. My chief impression of the first day was watching the dark horse from Northumberland, Miss Margaret Hodgson, who has plenty of shots, a particularly pleasing iron shot, and apparently just the right temperament. The weather was too boisterous for the thirties to be really accessible either out or in, and Miss Hodgson's 41 out was as good as anybody did.

IT could not compare, though, with the same figure from Miss Elsie Corlett the next day, for seldom have I seen such a day in England as that was. Two competitors turned tail and gave the match to their opponents after playing a few holes, and that is something I have never seen happen before in all the years I have been to championships. Only to have one six, as Miss Corlett did, was simply amazing. I wonder if she will perhaps be English champion by the time this letter is in print. Stranger things might happen.

I was going to say that strange things are bound to happen. Without exactly meaning that, I do mean that this is an amazingly open championship, and though there is a feeling abroad that Miss Wanda Morgan is quite likely to do the right and fitting thing by winning it, there are plenty of others who would be very worthy English champions.

AT the time of writing two ex-holders survive—Miss Molly Gourlay, who came through on the nineteenth against Miss Cradock-Hartopp, and Mrs. Guedalla, who is playing well, too. There is Miss Bridget Newell still in, and full of confidence; there is Miss Mervyn Barton and Mrs. Newton, and Miss Sylvia Bailey, and Miss Audrey Holmes, to whose share it fell to put out Miss Minoprio, who still persists in trying to win a championship with only one club. It is such a brave, forlorn hope, and such a pity; she is far too good a golfer to waste her talents thus. She took Miss Holmes to the sixteenth, and played some great shots in the doing of it.

Space is gone, and next week there will be Autumn Foursomes to write about, and the championship will be a thing of the past.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Dorchester

THE new *Back Again* show at the Dorchester is much the best yet. " Les Girls " are more gay and smiling than ever. They had a whirling success on the Riviera, and maybe they are really pleased to have another three months in London. Anyway, the atmosphere is very favourable when they are doing their three numbers. Surely, surely, Mr. Ernest Brown will relent when he sees them.

The whole cabaret is so short that everyone would be pleased to have some more of it. In fact, for the first time, a Park Lane floor show is short enough—i.e., to make people follow their own footsteps to see it again. Diana Ward is an entrancing singer. She 's got lots of humour, but her sob-stuff is better still. There isn't a sound from the whole packed room when she sings " Solitude." It 's shamingly sentimental, but even the cynics see themselves as lonely hearts when her voice says so.

The only other turn is the melancholically knockabout Calligary Brothers; nobody 's seen them in England before, and they are great entertainers. Their slow-motion act is a masterpiece.

Quaglino's

HEADMAN of the " Wednesday group " is Quaglino, whose extension nights never faltered all through the much-maligned August and September. Now they are so full that even this famous arranger-of-tables has his ingenuity working at high pressure dealing with late-comers.

Downstairs it 's the same story ; the Grill, which is now in charge of Tony Ozenda (he used to be at the Monseigneur), will have to be enlarged again if so many people insist on going there.

Van Straten has brought back some good tunes from America. He did a month's tour over there in the summer, listening around for what was new. Walsh and Barker also have some fresh ammunition in the way of songs ; they appear at midnight with increasing success, and also do their stuff in the Grill.

Walsh and Barker at Quaglino's

These two Americans sing songs, sometimes funny, sometimes sentimental. " By request " they generally tell the tale about Daisy, Tessy, and Mabel

It 's unfair only to talk of supper-time, though. The food can be so exquisitely good here that lunch and dinner are more appropriate times to praise. Scrambled eggs and haddock and beer don't vary much anywhere, but if Quaglino wants you to eat well and you agree, the answer is perfection.

A word for the flowers. . . . Those four or five enormous jars of mixed blooms that decorate the walls are lovely, and obviously thought out by someone who cares about such things.

The Ritz

LONDON'S own Café Chantant had a grand re-opening last week. Most of the faithfuls who filled the place all summer were back, and there was, as usual, little room to dance.

As soon as " Charlie," as indefatigable and popular as ever, appeared, loud applause broke out, and the atmosphere became Austrian and friendly. He has a real flair for creating a party spirit, and that is easier said than done among all those sophisticates.

The Dorchester's Hawaiian Feast

Alma Ross is promoted head hula-hula beauty in the Hawaiian number which is one of Les Girls' bits of fun at the Dorchester

Hildegarde is also back here again. She 's full of personality, attractive, gay and spontaneous, sings nicely, plays her own accompaniments sometimes, and ended up her programme with " Listening to the German Band," which is absurdly good fun.

The Austrian atmosphere is intensified when Maria Roland and her Tyroleans appear to sing, play, and step-dance with much gusto and good humour.

In fact, it 's all so good humoured and positively rustic, that one can't believe this is the same Ritz that houses the critical lunch-time crowd. A real letting out of the belt for the evening—that 's what it is, with the critical enjoying themselves much more than usual.

The Carlton

THE following night being Tuesday, the Carlton re-opened itself with a full and amusing evening. Quite a different set of people turn up here, a more genial type, less sharply flippant. Lou Preager's band has been imported, from Romano's, where they made a good name. They play well, and with enthusiasm. The three-turn cabaret consists of Vic Oliver, who compères, lets off some wisecracks, plays the piano, and occasionally leads the band on his violin ; a German burlesque dancer (feminine) who flew from Berlin on the same day as the opening to replace an ailing mimic (quick work on Captain Covell's part, we guess) ; and Luxor Gali-Gali. This smiling young man is a better conjuror than ever, if he really is the one that has been in London before. He has five small yellow chicks that appear and disappear in a bewildering way ; their owner seems able to secrete them in the breast-pocket of a guest's coat without the guest having any idea of the transaction having taken place. Like tap-dancers, good conjurors are always popular in London—another sign that the Englishman doesn't grow up.

Grosvenor House

YET another opening night was the Grosvenor House one on Thursday, with yet another Tyrolean revel as its centrepiece. Felix Ferry, hitherto the expert on American cabaret girlhood, has now caught the Austrian infection, and imported thirty Tyrolean and Viennese boys and girls,

Right: Hildegarde often plays her own accompaniments; she comes from Paris and sings in all languages. The Tyroleans in the background also appear in the café chantant

Hildegarde at the Ritz

Below: Luxor Gali-Gali produces chickens from anywhere at all; Vic Oliver is the compère and "gagster"

Conjuror and Compère at the Carlton

fifteen of each—a full-size show, straight from Salzburg, where it was one of the big successes of Count von Salm's revue at the Stadt Theatre, during the Festival. So if the people who go to the opera, the Queen's Hall, and the ballet don't come here to eat their suppers and say how much it all reminds them of the divine time they had in Salzburg, they 'll be missing an opportunity for reminiscence.

The dresses and scenery are as spectacular as anyone wants, all very White Horse Inn, and a surprising contrast to the silver restaurant which is so completely metropolitan. The music is attractive and tuneful, and full of the infectious native charm, as are the performers. It 's a safe bet this will be a success. Country cousins will adore it, and London can't resist Austria.

The May Fair

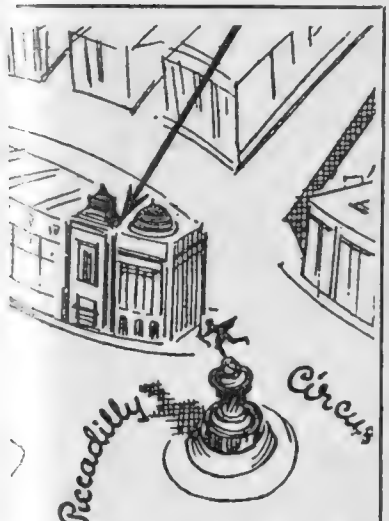
THE May Fair has turned itself into a Jardin Fleuri, with new décor and a new cabaret, non-stop from dinner till closing-time, with long intervals for dancing. An adaptation, in fact, of the Ritz idea. This has been happening only since Monday, which was the first night, so comment on the cabaret must be postponed. It consists of Bryan Michie, as compère, Renee Houston, who was such a terrific success in "Love Laughs...!", the Western Brothers, with an even more caddishly public-school collection of songs, and a Spanish girl called Lola Benavente who dances, and who, according to her photographs, is a rare beauty.

Harry Roy will be back in about a week. In the meantime, Maurice Winnick's band plays extremely well.

The other May Fair innovation is "The Viking," an all-Danish snack-bar, which opens next week. The food will be Scandinavian and, therefore, rather original, and to drink there'll be schnapps, or Danish lager at sixpence a glass. Svend Johnson, a well-known Danish artist, has come over to do the decorations; he travelled with the schnapps, the chef, and the blonde barmaid, who 's been specially chosen for her (Danish) looks.

New Clarge's Restaurant

LEAVING cabarets, bands, and snack-bars behind for the moment, we may now become unreservedly concentrated on food. Grouse, for instance, are not so fashionable as six



ODDENINO'S

The Restaurant
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Its exquisite cuisine and fine cellar are well known to be supreme.

Table d'hôte or a la carte.

New Clarges Hotel & Restaurant
Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

THE re-building of the last section of the Fleming's New Clarges Hotel is now completed. The new Half Moon Street Hall facilitates the entrance to the Restaurant, Café Foyer, and Grill Room. The Hotel is now entirely modernised, with large and small suites of rooms and every modern equipment. The Restaurant, Café Foyer and Grill in Clarges Street, are famous throughout Europe for their Cuisine and Wines; and specialise in Lobsters, and every variety of fish. Cocktail hour 12 o'clock and 6.30. Good car parking place in Clarges Street. S. HARWATH.

Telegrams: CLARGHOTEL, AUDLEY, LONDON. Telephone: GROSVENOR 2964 (6 lines).

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ENGLISHMEN

AMERICANS

GERMANS

EGYPTIANS

RUSSIANS

SWEDES

ALL DRINK SEAGER'S GIN

The Spirit of To-day and To-morrow

Quaglino's

With its new decorations continues to be one of the smartest places in Mayfair

weeks ago, but just as good, and it would be impossible to eat a better cooked one anywhere than under this roof. Saddle of hare, for instance, is treated here with Continental respect. Venison, for instance, is not scorned as in so many English kitchens, but is served rather as delicacy, which it is when the chef knows how. The whole list of "gamey" seasonable foods could be quoted, plus another speciality—paté de foie gras, which is shipped weekly, fresh and fragrant, direct from Strasbourg.

To drink with any of these, an excellent selection of wines can be bought by the glass, carafe, and demi-carafe—hock, moselle, Châteauneuf du Pape, burgundy, and also champagne by the glass. The moselle (Mr. Harwath's "queen of wines") is particularly recommended with these in-season dishes. So is

Tyrolean Fun at Grosvenor House

Here are a few of the thirty handsome and lovely lads and lasses from Austria who make their native whoopee on the Grosvenor House cabaret stage

"TYROL ON PARADE"

From Count Salm's Revue,
The success of the Salzburg season
presented by

Felix Ferry

at

GROSVENOR HOUSE

First appearance in London of a real Tyrolean Cabaret. 30 performers in a unique and spectacular production. The Grosvenor House Dance Band directed by Sydney Lipton.

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE, W.1 **GROSVENOR 6363**

that queen of cocktails, the Harwath Special, as an aperitif that is light, "happy," and no destroyer of the palate.

A last reminder that 's important for the hurried and worried is that car-parking in Clarge's Street presents no difficulties.

Prunier's

MME. PRUNIER has made another attack on London's day. We did try and keep five-thirty to six-thirty for seeing the children, but she 's relentless. The "Dégustation Hour" is her new idea, and she had a party last week to prove how right she is. The miniature menu is fascinating; there are four "plateaux" or "assiettes" to choose from, each containing a selection of small fish items. With these goes a glass of Anjou wine, or a special cocktail, or a glass of lager beer. And the whole thing costs 3s. 6d. This dégustation hour is a thing Paris knows well, and there 's no reason why it shouldn't become a London habit.

May Fair Music

Maurice Winnick leads his band at the May Fair (until Harry Roy comes back); Judy Shirley croons and dances as a plus attraction to his music

Talking of menus—Craston's pictures on the Prunier menus are a never-ending pleasure, and from the opening day were one of the restaurant's greatest successes. There are sixteen different paintings, and the whole set tells the oyster's life-story. Fortunately the menus are large, otherwise the number that would disappear into "collectors'" pockets might be difficult to keep up with.

One can't leave Prunier's without mentioning game. Here, also, one can eat hare, venison, partridges cooked with cabbage, and the rest, really well done. In fact, flesh and fowl of the game varieties have joined their cousin the fish as specialities of the house.

"In Season" at the Café Divan

Mr. S. Harwath presides over a regiment of seasonable still-life, including a "presse" waiting for its "canard"

Cabaret in Time

COME TO VIC OLIVER'S PARTY to meet FAMOUS CABARET STARS from home and abroad. Dancing to LOU PREAGER and his Band. Extension—Tuesday.

The Carlton

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Berkeley Square, W.1.

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LUNCHEON, 5/6. DINNER, 8/6.

or à la carte.

BRIAN LAWRENCE'S BAND ENTERTAINS.

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"LET'S GO TO PRUNIER'S"

Because it is smart? Because it is exclusive? Certainly. But, more important still, because of those rare "fruits de mer" and exquisite wines for which this famous French restaurant is so renowned..... And their DEGUSTATION HOUR from 5.30 to 6.30 is the latest thing.

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PRUNIER

AND ALL KINDS OF FISH AND CAVIARE

RESTAURANT

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON

(Telephone: REGENT 1373/1374)

Prunier's All Set for the Dégustation Hour

The tables are all arrayed with nets (fishing) for the dégustation hour which is the new 5.30-6.30 idea at Prunier's

Lansdowne Restaurant

THIS is another of the places where the decision to stay open all August was a profitable one. During the season, people were discovering the Lansdowne rather in their spare moments, as people do with a new place after its first send-off; during August and September coming here became a habit with quite a lot of the stay-in-Londons, and now it 's reaping its successful little-season harvest.

Lunch is nice here. There is no feeling of scurry, and to see two or three men sitting in the foyer peacefully reading their newspapers, gives one the feeling of having hours to command. In the Farm, however, one can lunch as rapidly as one can swallow. There 's a bar to sit up to for snacks, and tables to sit down to for light lunches. There 's also a churn that holds draught lager beer, and three cows painted on the walls, labelled "Bristol," "Liebfrau," and "Menthe." Ridiculous, but amusing.

Theatre dinners are good here, and are a bit of a speciality. Later, Brian Lawrence's band plays for dancing, and so well that one genuinely enjoys just listening. But there 's generally room to dance, as opposed to shuffling.

Bon Viveur

THERE 'S nothing new here, yet but Davico's Riviera holiday has made him think that three kilometres is too far to Juan les Pins. So he 's going to redecorate the bit of the room to which the signpost points, and it 's going to be as like the Juan plage as the inside of a restaurant can be.

Going a round of the restaurants always makes one ask oneself how important décor actually is. Redecorations are very important to

Head Men at the Lansdowne

Brian Lawrence is the head man of the Lansdowne House band, and Fernandez is manager of the restaurant—in fact, the head man

the people who do them, but do the customers care? Well, they do, of course, enormously, though half the time they have no idea that it 's the look of a place that attracts them. The Bon Viveur's friendly, almost cosy atmosphere is due at least fifty per cent. to its décor.

Incidentally, the Bon Viveur is a club, which may have something to do with it. One hears "why join a club?" asked every now and then. Chiefly because there are certain moods and moments when this place is exactly what one wants, and nowhere else would do as well. Also, the subscription is not big enough to worry anyone who can afford to pay for his meals.

Davico of the Bon Viveur

The man who made and continues to make the little Club off Curzon Street is the youngest-looking-for-his-age restaurateur in the London round-about

Item of news: that there is, or shortly will be, a case of specially selected cigars established on the premises, from which members can buy at practically wholesale prices.

Oddenino's

BIG changes are on the way here. The restaurant is going to be moved up to ground floor level, and, in the hotel, as well, a number of improvements are being planned. Sir Lindsay Parkinson and his brother, Colonel Parkinson, have taken over the hotel, and are the new brooms responsible. To relieve the habitués' anxiety, let it be said quickly that the brasserie is staying just where it 's always been. And M. Biry is still here, of course, to look after his vast and cosmopolitan army of friends and acquaintances.

Cosmopolitan Oddenino's will always be. It also succeeds in combining a definite Bohemianism with a most solid air of respectability—a thing much rarer in England than abroad. No one would ever suggest coming here to see Mayfair; what does happen is that Mayfair units quite frequently break away from the mass and come here to breathe a different sort of air. Some of them also come here to eat dishes for which they 've acquired a taste abroad. There are certain Continental

Supper at Oddenino's

At supper-time in the restaurant at Oddenino's two worlds—the evening dress and the day dress—meet. Next door in the Brasserie is Bohemia unalloyed

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ENTERTAINMENT
AND DANCING at
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From October 14th onwards
Return of HARRY ROY
MANAGING DIRECTOR • FRANCIS TOWLE

Watchers and Watched at the Ice Club

Evening dress appears behind the glass-protected balcony at the Ice Club; down below on the rink, the hearties wear tweeds and woollens

specialities which are cooked incomparably better in these kitchens than anywhere else in London.

The Ice Club

Now for quite a different sort of evening—a healthy, near-open-air one that's guaranteed against hang-overs. The Ice Club re-opened last week, and all the skating fans have started to get their appropriate muscles hardened up for the winter.

The opening event was a gala dinner with an amusing skating cabaret called "Hello, Winter!", and a lovely exhibition of ice intricacies by Cecilia Colledge, Great Britain's attractive young champion.

After all that, the real business of the Club began, with eager members launching themself off the steps. The evening session is always frivolous compared with the rest of the day. The real hard work is done in the mornings; there is no music then, and no audience, and everyone skates with the greatest seriousness and application. In the afternoons the band appears, and by cocktail time there's a good deal more hand-in-hand free skating being done; after dinner the pertinacious practisers are in a minority.

Non-members can skate here if they have friends who will give them vouchers, though these are jealously guarded since the ice space isn't elastic. Non-skaters who like watching are very well (and warmly) provided for in the glass-enclosed restaurant on the balcony; there's also a small corner up there where one can dance. E.L.

Morrell's—An Out-of-London Suggestion

One doesn't take car-drives out of London in the evening this weather, but for en-route information, Morrell's, at West Wickham, in Kent, is still open. The food is good, the band plays nice dance music, and the service is West End. It's a place to remember as a port of call on the way to or from the country south of London

THE ICE CLUB

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HAS NOW RE-OPENED FOR THE

WINTER SEASON

"—for Indoor Skating on natural ice in the most attractive surroundings in London."

Application for Membership may now be made as follows:—

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Country ..	8 „	2.45 — 6.0
Evening ..	6 „	7.30 — 10.30

or by Guest Voucher

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The Liqueur of Old Romance

Was brought to Scotland by a follower of Prince Charlie in 1745. The recipe was given to a Mackinnon of Skye, and the secret has ever since remained in one family. Originally obtainable only in Skye, it has now been made procurable at home and abroad and—the Perfect Cocktail Contains Drambuie.

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Wrote odes without sense, rhyme or metre,
Till he turned from Slavonic
Despair to Schweppes Tonic
And verses like this one but neater.

Schweppes
TONIC WATER
- does you Good

The Winning Habit

Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward, who, at Wentworth, recently won the Royal Air Force Championship for the thirteenth time. In the 36 holes final he beat Air Commodore R. Peel Ross by 6 and 4

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Royal Medal at St. Andrews

THE Royal or King William the Fourth Medal, which is the scratch prize at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, was won this year by Major W. H. H. Aitken after a tie with R. H. Oppenheimer with scores of 73. Oppenheimer drove into the whins on the right of the twelfth hole, and this shot, which he deemed unplayable, not only cost him the Royal Medal but also prevented him from tying for the Silver Boomerang (under handicap), which was presented to the Club by the Queensland Golf Club. Oppenheimer at St. Andrews in September produced better and more convincing golf than I have ever seen him play before; he was hitting the ball tremendous distances from the tee, and as he is thin and not very tall, spectators were asking each other how he got his length; I think the answer to this question is that he swings the club through a very wide arc.

Major Aitken returned an extraordinary card, he had not a single three on it; it consisted of two twos, five fives, with the other holes in four each. When you consider that the Old Course at St. Andrews possesses only two short holes, and that Aitken started with two fives, you realise that he must have played extremely well to finish in 73. Major Aitken, except for his early failure in the Amateur Championship at St. Annes, has had a most successful golfing season; he has won the St. Georges' Challenge Cup at Sandwich after two ties, the Calcutta Cup foursomes at St. Andrews with that most reliable of foursome partners, H. E. Taylor, in addition to the King William the Fourth Medal.

Aitken, who returned this year from service in India, has improved out of all knowledge since the days when he played for Cambridge; in those days he was tremendously long, but employed a very exaggerated open stance which did not make accuracy easy, and he consequently played too many wild shots; to-day his stance, although still open, is not nearly so much open as it used to be, and he is now hitting the ball just as far as previously and usually to that part of the course where he desires his ball to come to rest. He hits just as hard, if not harder, than he ever did, but there is now complete control, where there used to be a too free and slashing swing. I can not remember any golfer make more noise, when the driver strikes the ball, than Aitken; the noise is like the bang of a revolver, yet in spite of this in the play-off Oppenheimer was never far behind from the tee, and on occasions actually in front. Aitken now is also an extremely good and bold putter and always gives the hole a chance.

NEARLY every good putter, with the exception of Bobby Jones, is a brave putter; Jones always tricked the ball into the hole instead of hitting it in; he argued (and was correct), if you got the exact

(Continued on page ii)

A New 40/50 h.p. 12-Cylinder

ROLLS-ROYCE

'PHANTOM III'

Rolls-Royce Limited have pleasure in announcing that they are able to accept orders for a new 40/50 h.p. 12-Cylinder Rolls-Royce car. Many outstanding features distinguish this car from its famous predecessor the Phantom II.

(1) 12 CYLINDERS giving greater engine smoothness, flexibility, silence and acceleration.

(2) GREATER COMFORT arising from *independent front wheel suspension.*

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The new chassis frame provides for wider and more comfortable back seats, whilst a modification in the position of the change-speed and brake levers gives easy entrance to the driver's seat from the offside.

(3) IMPROVED CONTROLLABILITY — The steering is lighter in operation, has a larger steering lock and the car is more easily manoeuvred by reason of the shorter wheelbase.

Although the body length is the same as the Phantom II, the length of the car is reduced.

This new car retains all the characteristic features which have gained for the Rolls-Royce car the accepted title "The Best Car in the World."

Chassis (including Lamps, etc)		£1,850
Saloon Limousine	from	£2,535
Pullman „	„	£2,575

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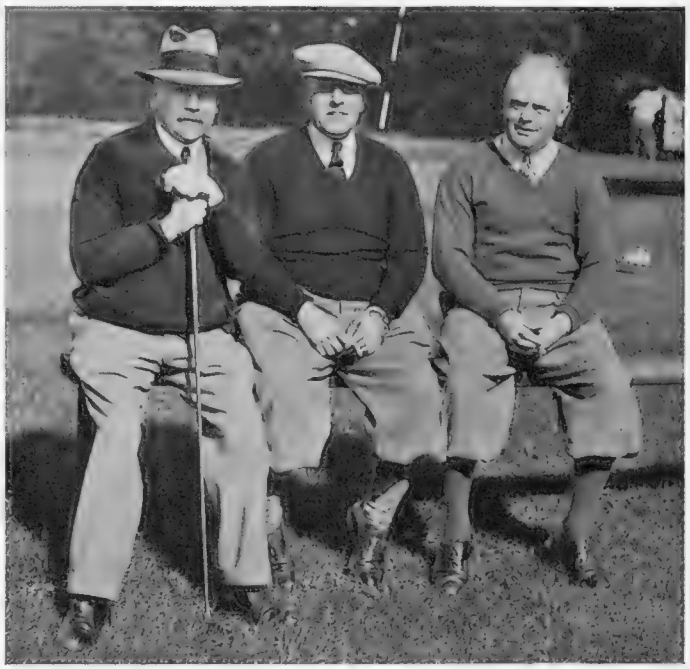
AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON P.2395

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(Continued from page 86)

strength, that the hole had four entrances. The ordinary mortal is very inclined if he copies Jones's method to be short, consequently it is only the most accurate strikers of the ball on the green, who can imitate Jones's method with hope of success. There is no golf so interesting to watch as the play-off of a tie by medal play, as it is always possible for one of the players to have a complete crash, and this is especially the case at St. Andrews, where a crash is not only possible, but probable, at every hole except the eighteenth. The tie between Oppenheimer and Aitken was certainly most interesting and exciting until Oppenheimer had his disastrous seventeenth hole.

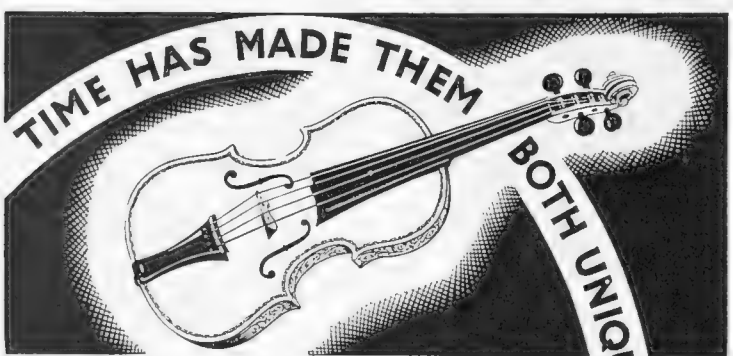
Oppenheimer started the tie by driving out of bounds from the first tee and thus immediately gave his opponent a lead of two strokes; Aitken nullified this advantage at the fifth by putting his second, played from a bad cuppy lie, into an unplayable place in the whins to the right of the green. Aitken was out in 38, a very good score considering that it included two penalty strokes, and was only one shot ahead. At the tenth hole, which measures 312 yards, both players drove on to the putting surface; Aitken was a long way from the hole and Oppenheimer close to it; Oppenheimer failed to get his two and Aitken his three. At the eleventh, a hole which has been responsible for many disasters, Oppenheimer was short and Aitken in strath; Oppenheimer played a miserable run-up, which was fortunate to be prevented from rolling back into strath by a blade of grass; a half in four resulted. Aitken failed to find the twelfth and thirteenth greens in two shots and lost a stroke at each, and only avoided being another stroke behind by holing a good putt on the fourteenth green, after being under the slope short of the green in three. At the fifteenth Aitken drove a long way to the left, from where he played a magnificent iron shot to within 3 yards of the pin; Oppenheimer here was unlucky with his second, which, although well-struck, pitched into a mound and only just reached the putting surface about 25 yards from the hole; Aitken holed for three and Oppenheimer took three putts, and so the players were now all even with three holes to play.



Three more of those who competed for the Gibbons-Grinling Cup in the competition held by the Middlesex Golfing Alliance. They are R. S. Ayres (Northwood), G. Oke (Fulwell) and C. J. Anderson (Northwood). The last-named, who finished second, beat the amateur record for the course by one stroke with a score of 69

At the next hole both players were on the green in two and Oppenheimer was only about seven yards from the hole; Aitken putted up five feet short and holed for four, his opponent played a very timid putt four feet short and missed the next. This hole was fatal to Oppenheimer, as I have little doubt that the taking of three putts

(Continued on page viii)



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TRADITIONAL DIGNITY BLENDS WITH A NEW BEAUTY . . . BODY CONFORMITY SEATS STRIKE A NEW NOTE IN LUXURIOUS COMFORT . . . AND A FINE PERFORMANCE IS AMPLIFIED BY MANY REFINEMENTS OF DETAIL

IN this new Big Six, Vauxhall engineers have secured a happy combination of modern beauty allied with traditional Vauxhall dignity. The new radiator grille, the modern chromium bonnet louvres, the wings and radiator cellulosed to tone with the colour of the body . . . all enable this Vauxhall Big Six to predominate in any gathering of quality cars.

Its satisfying performance reveals a beauty that is more than skin deep. With choice of 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine, you can rely on a thoroughly satisfying performance, giving a comfortable cruising speed of a mile a minute, and a maximum speed of over 70 m.p.h. While with Body Conformity front seating you finish your journeys almost as fresh as you commence them! Moulding itself to your body as if made to measure, the seat supports the curve of the back properly, ensures an ideal driving position and thus eliminates the major cause of driving fatigue. Many detail refinements, plus such well-proved features as Synchro-Mesh, No-Draught Ventilation, and entirely automatic chassis lubrication—make this Big Six by Vauxhall an outstanding car in every way.

20 h.p. or 27 h.p. Saloon, **£325.** Wingham Cabriolet, **£395.**
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THE FAMOUS VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX

Public opinion has decreed that the famous VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX shall continue in its present form for 1936!
Independent Front Wheel Springing changes riding into gliding. A lively 6-cylinder engine, Synchro-mesh, No-Draught Ventilation, and an easy jacking system, are a few reasons why this Vauxhall Light Six is the most popular car in its class.

Standard Saloon (12 h.p.) **£205**
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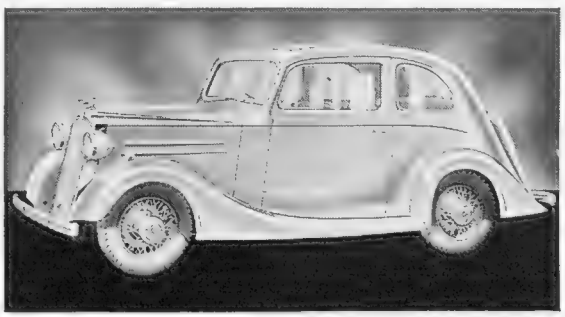
Coupe (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) **£245**



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Vauxhall

Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer or write direct for catalogues to VAUXHALL MOTORS LTD., LUTON, BEDS.

Wide range of models on view at 174/182 Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1, and at all principal Vauxhall dealers.

Jean Colin, who is playing in "Tulip Time," at the Alhambra, at the wheel of her car. It is one of the new Morris "Twelve" Coupés

Secrets!

By

The Earl of Cardigan

INFORMATION concerning the new 1936 models is still gradually trickling forth from Coventry and elsewhere. What a curious business it is—our English method of launching these cars on the market!

Just prior to the Motor Show, people like myself are hard at work trying to keep track of all the announcements emanating from the various manufacturing firms. It is far from easy. In some cases, cars of a "new series" were being turned out as far back as May 1935.

In August, a great many firms announced their new programmes. In September, a good many more followed suit. Now in October, however, there are still quite a few announcements being held back until the very last moment.

To make matters more complicated, there are some of the "early" firms which have told us the truth, but not the whole truth, about their 1936 programmes. They have been positively lavish with information concerning, let us say, new 10- and 12-h.p. cars, while remaining maddeningly secretive with regard to the 20- or 25-h.p. models.

There is no doubt that this "hush-hush" policy means that some surprises are being saved up for Olympia. On quite a few stands we shall be shown not only the announced models which we expect to see, but also one or more "last-minute" productions of which we have hitherto been told nothing. In several cases, the latter will be of outstanding interest, owing to their novel and advanced design.

I MYSELF have had one or two confidential hints from those "in the know" as to what form these "surprise" exhibits are likely to take. Unfortunately, in the same connection, I have been sworn to a secrecy which I dare not break. The most I can say is that, apparently, the large car market will provide most of the unexpected items. In other words, it is the prospective buyers of medium-sized or large cars who are likely to profit most from a policy of "wait and see."

There may, of course, be some more small cars still being kept in the background, with which the manufacturers will spring surprises on us. This, however, does not seem so probable. At least, no rumours have as yet reached me regarding a spectacular new light car.

THERE remains, none the less, a sufficient element of secrecy in a sufficient number of cases to add a definite spice of

(*Continued on page vi*)

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"This wave, so precious to you, will last far longer if you take just one simple precaution—brush the hair regularly with the brush that really brushes—the Mason Pearson. Then, however disarranged your hair may become, the beauty of the wave will be quickly restored again!"

"The Mason Pearson is the original and best patented pneumatic rubber cushion brush, set with spired tufts of wild boar bristles—the only perfect brushing material."

"These black, unbleached bristles in their slender patent spired tufts go straight to the scalp, massaging, removing dust and dandruff, lifting every disarranged strand into its right place (without tugging or scratching)—and restoring the wave to its proper formation."

"The aeration which results from Mason Pearson brushing ensures a delightful fullness in appearance and comfort."

MASON PEARSON

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BEAUTY SECRETS FROM BOND STREET

Beauty is a passport to all the high adventure, the gaiety, the romance that life can offer.

Yet, though she covets it, the busy woman often fails to attain her share of this precious thing. For her, and for all women, Yardley now offer a beauty treatment that may be achieved simply and satisfyingly at home; Yardley present BEAUTY SECRETS FROM BOND STREET—a new series of Beauty Preparations whose balanced ingredients embody the very latest ideas on beauty culture which have emerged from Yardley's wealth of experience and research work in this field: preparations which are simple to use and which can be relied upon to give that clear, healthful skin texture which is essential to beauty.

First is the snowy-white English Complexion Cream for cleansing and to soothe and revive tired skin at night. Then tissues soaked in the Toning Lotion to remove the Cream and last traces of dirt, and to freshen and brace the skin. Next the Skin Food to nourish the hungry skin and keep the contours of the face youthfully rounded and the skin clear and velvety.

For make-up, a light film of the Foundation Cream into which the Rouge Cream can be artistically worked to give a soft, natural bloom of colour, then the fine, clinging "Silver Box" Powder (an attractive shade is English Peach), an accentuation of the mouth with the new Indelible Lipstick, and finally, a trace of the Eye Shadow to flatter the eyes. The result—with a skin that is cared for by the Yardley Beauty Preparations—is one of living, radiant beauty.

The Beauty Secrets Series can be obtained at the Best Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores, and comprise:

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The Beauty Box containing English Complexion Cream, Toning Lotion, Skin Food, Skin Lotion, Foundation Cream and Tissues, together with Beauty Booklet, costs 13/6.

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● "BEAUTY SECRETS FROM BOND STREET" and learn about these preparations—how Yardley help to make beauty a daily effortless habit. Post Free on application to Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. *Ask for Booklet No. 116*

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The 1936 Standard "Twelve." It possesses remarkable road-holding and ease of control, resulting from substantial chassis dimensions coupled with important chassis improvements common to the new Standard range. Priced at £229, it is equipped with telescopic steering column, four-speed gears and ample seating for five

Secrets !

(*Continued from page iv*)

uncertainty to the forthcoming Olympia programme. From the popular point of view, this is all to the good. It is not much fun going to an exhibition, if you know *too* precisely just what is going to be exhibited.

Possibly, by the time this article appears, a few more of the manufacturers may have shown their hands. I find myself almost hoping, however, that one or two will hold out to the last. A secret kept right up to October the 17th should provide a valuable "draw"!

TALKING of "secrets," I have just been reading an unusually interesting motoring publication, in which the author reveals his many discoveries in making an up-to-date survey of the better and brighter road-houses, inns and hotels of this country. This is a book entitled *Signpost*, and compiled by W. G. McMinnies; publishers, Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd.

One's attention is caught, in the first instance, by the novel idea on which the book is founded. There have, in the past, been thousands of lists compiled, giving "recommended" hotels, etc., which the motorists may patronise with some degree of confidence. Never before, however, so far as I am aware, has a *personal* account been given of one man's careful investigation of the problems—where to stay—where to feed—where to go for amusement—as they affect the motoring wayfarer.

THOSE who know Mr. McMinnies personally—he has had a long connection with the motoring business—will not hesitate to trust his judgment in such matters. He must have covered an enormous mileage in his time; and when he recommends a certain place as being worth visiting—be it palatial country club or homely inn—you may be sure that he knows what he is talking about.

The book is well illustrated. One or two photographs, a sketch map, and several hundred words of print are devoted to describing each of the more outstanding places listed. The author's style is pleasant, and he has the knack of presenting his information in an informal and chatty manner. Incidentally, he offers a prize of 10 guineas for the best list of six places which he has omitted to mention, but which are deserving of mention in a subsequent edition.

THIS ought to give the ordinary motorist something to think about. How many people, off-hand, can name six places on the road which are worth visiting, other than those which are obviously already well known? Personally, when I came to think of it, I could recall only two which seemed to fall into this category. The fact is that the really attractive places are not very numerous. They are well worth discovering—but not so easy to discover.

THINK of the convenience—to be able to cleanse your hands and face, without even rising from your seat—at dances, card parties, in train or car—anywhere! Soft felt discs, impregnated with a bland Cologne-perfumed solution, One-da Wafers remove all dust, grime and perspiration. They leave the skin delightfully cool and soothed. Self-contained, self-drying. And easily carried in handbag or pocket.

GET A BOX TO-DAY and carry "a wash in your pocket" or handbag.

ONE-DA *Protected by Patent*
CLEANSING WAFERS

PER BOX: 1/3 Handbag Size: 6d.

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From Hairdressers, Stores, Chemists.

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TATTOO your lips!

Tattoo them with this exciting, lasting, transparent stain, instead of coating them.

The idea came from the ever-so-romantic South Seas. An enduring stain for lips, instead of pasty coating. Luscious, exciting *transparent* colour that really stays *all day* and that never makes marks on handkerchiefs . . . or collars. And wonder of wonders! TATTOO actually makes lips invitingly soft . . . keeps them youthfully caressing . . . instead of drying them. Yes, actually!

You put it on . . . let it set . . . then wipe it off. Nothing remains on your lips but transparent colour. And *what* colour! Four startling shades to choose from.

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No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

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No. 2 is our choice of them all. An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

•

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

•

No. 4 is the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm colour that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

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Modern Aids to Beauty

"Twilight Amid the Ferns"

WOMEN throughout the ages have adopted perfume as a means of enhancing their charm and personality. In the time of the Egyptians it was the custom to bathe oneself from head to foot in musk, ambergris, and other scented unguents, while even the food was perfumed. Later on, in the early sixteenth century, the art of perfuming gloves and shoes was started in France, a custom which spread to England, and was followed by the wearing of scented necklaces and rings. To-day, however, a few drops of perfume behind the ears, on the temples, and inside the wrists is sufficient, and the effect far more intriguing and elusive. "La Fougeraie au Crepuscule," which translated means "Twilight Amid the Ferns," is the name of Coty's new and enchanting perfume for the sophisticated woman. It is essentially for evening use, and suggests luxury, glamour, and soft music. It has an exotic, haunting fragrance which cannot fail to appeal. Then, for day, there is Coty's "Paris," a gay, sparkling perfume which is particularly suited to the artistic temperament.

Lenar

"La Fougeraie au Crépuscule" is one of Coty's many enchanting perfumes which are sold practically everywhere, including 2, New Bond Street. It is created for the sophisticated woman whose life is made up of social engagements. It accentuates her personality, and soignée appearance, endowing her with a subtle and indefinable fragrance which is part of her charm

Link Up Your Perfume

SINCE perfume is such a very subtle thing, it should be chosen with infinite care, and should never be mixed. People often forget this, and use as many as five different perfumes in the course of dressing. This is quite unnecessary, however, as, with Coty's preparations, they can link up their perfume with their face powder, bath-salts, etc. Talking of face powder, Coty's is made of the very finest materials obtainable, all of which are subjected to severe analytical tests before being used. It protects the skin and clings imperceptibly, never clogging the pores, but creating an even, matt surface. Then, for softening the water, there are delightful feathery bath-salts at 5s. a bottle, and Toilet Water for friction after washing. The latter is particularly good, as it has so many uses. Not only will it close the pores and stimulate the circulation after a bath, but it is delightful for spraying about the room, and is very economical, as it means that less of the real perfume is required. Men, by the way, love it after shaving.

Two competitors in the thirty-six holes competition for the Gibbons-Grinling Cup over the North Middlesex Club's course. They are C. H. Bartlett and J. V. Crisp, both of Hadley Wood

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(*Continued from page* ii)

from nowhere was entirely responsible for his bad shots at the next hole. At the seventeenth Aitken hit a good drive, and then Oppenheimer, obviously still thinking what a fool he had been to take three putts, and consequently unable to concentrate properly on his shot, drove out of bounds into what was at one time the station-master's garden, and that virtually was the end.

As you all know, Oppenheimer finally took eleven strokes to this hole, but I am quite certain that he would never have taken so many if he had not had to play his second shot with his second ball, when in the hopeless position of being three shots behind. A three with his second ball was his only possible chance; he played a bold shot with wood but pushed it out, it pitched on the road and bounced out of bounds into what was at one time the Children's course, where Aitken once won a golf prize with the assistance of the liberal handicap of fifty-four shots; he played another shot with wood, which finished in the same place; he then took an iron club, and also pushed this shot, but he did not hit it far enough to go out of bounds again. Aitken now played a half shot with a No. 3 iron so it appears that Oppenheimer could have reached the green easily with an iron club. A half in four at the eighteenth saw the end of a most interesting and exciting match; both players in turn had enjoyed what appeared to be a winning advantage, only to see it fade away. Aitken was round in 77, which in a tie and with two penalty strokes is most certainly a good score. I should like to see Aitken in our Walker Cup team next year, and would not be surprised if, by then, the selectors of the Scottish team are not considering giving him a place in their side.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON OCTOBER

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.....

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review
Weddings and Engageme

Hay Wrightson

Bridget Chapman

Is the only child of the late Mr. Wilfred Chapman and of Mme. de Goriano; she is shortly to marry Coleridge Hills, the eldest son of the late Judge Eustace Hills, K.C., and of the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Hills

Bertram Park

Daphne Mulholland

Is engaged to Lieut.-Commander A. A. Hogg, R.N., the son of the late Mr. C. E. Hogg, and of Mrs. Armar Saunderson; she is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland and the Countess of Cavan

Bassano

Isma Hawkins

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Harold Hawkins, of Oporto, Portugal, and Glebe Croft, Harriet-sham, Kent; she is to marry Raymond Jackson, of Karachi, India, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Jackson, of Coulsdon, Surrey

Bassan

Molly Baynham

Is the only daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Baynham, of Coronel, Sidcup, and has announced her engagement to William Stewart Sykes Daniel, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, of St. Paul's Cray, Ken

Hay Wrightson

Annette Brown

Is the younger daughter of the late Lt.-Com. G. Halliday Brown, R.N., and of Mrs. Brown, of Westways, Bridport; she is to marry Capt. Guy Bomford, R.E., younger son of the late Surgeon-General Sir Gerald Bomford and of Lady Bomford, of Park Avenue, Dover

Pearl Freeman

Victoria Driver

Is engaged to Anthony N. Bray, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Bray, of South End, Ockham, Surrey; she is the adopted daughter of Miss K. Driver, who lives at Birtley House, Bramley, Surrey

Lafayette

Phyllis Stobart

Is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Stobart, and granddaughter of Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, of 7, Turners Wood, N.W.11; she is to marry Peter N. Hood, the only son of Lt.-Col. the Hon. N. A. Hood, C.M.G., and Mrs. Hood, of Coozvean, Perranwell, Cornwall

Lasan

Jean Barr

Is the younger daughter of Mr and Mrs. James Barr, of Linton Cambridgeshire, and formerly o Oxton, Birkenhead; she is to marr Philip Martin Chase, the third so of the Rev. F. A. Chase and Mr Chase, of North Walsham, Norfol

Blackett — Trevilian

Charles Douglas Blackett, the Queen's Bays, eldest son of Sir Hugh and Lady Blackett, of Matfen Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Ursula Mary Cely Trevilian, younger daughter of the late Major Cely Trevilian and of Mrs. Cely Trevilian, of Midelney Manor, Drayton, Somerset, were married at St. Catherine's, Drayton

Hill-Walker — Balston

Lt.-Com. T. H. Hill-Walker, R.N., the son of Major A. Hill-Walker, V.C., and of Mrs. Hill-Walker, of Maunby Hall, Thirsk, and Catherine Balston were married at the Church of All Saints', Boxley, by the Archdeacon of Maidstone. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Balston, of Toppesfield, Maidstone

Penfold — Falkner

Captain Richard John Linzee Penfold, Roya Artillery, and Mary Adelaide Felton Falkner, the only child of Brig. Felton Falkner, C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., and Mrs. Felton Falkner, of Claverton Down, Bath, were married at Bath Abbey. The bride's father is the Officer in Charge of Administration at Malta

Sasha

Phillips — Haxton

FitzRoy Paget Upsall Phillips, only child of the late Mr. W. Phillips, and of Mrs. J. H. Morris-Jones, and Olive Primrose Haxton, only child of the late Mr. A. S. Haxton and of the late Mrs. Carlyle Blackwell, were married at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street

Davidson — Chilver

Brian Davidson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Davidson, of Baidland, Seaford, and Priscilla Margaret Chilver, the daughter of the late Mr. Farquhar Chilver and of Mrs. Chilver, of 28, Sussex Gardens, W.2, were married at All Souls' Church, Langham Place

Scourfield — Close-Brooks

David Gwyn Davies-Scourfield, Welsh Guards, and Elizabeth Emily Prudence Close-Brooks, daughter of the late Mr. J. Close-Brooks, 1st Life Guards, and of Mrs. Close-Brooks, of Liscombe House, Frensham, Surrey, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Zitzewitz — Marjoriebanks

Heinrich Manfred Maxmilian Zitzewitz, of Berlin, and Katherine Homfray Marjoriebanks were married recently in St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh. The bride is the daughter of Lieut.-General Marjoriebanks and Mrs. Marjoriebanks, of Edinburgh

Fraser — Umpleby

Hugh Victor Fraser, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Fraser, of Beira, Portuguese East Africa, and Queenie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Umpleby, of Dublin, were married at the Cathedral, Salisbury, Rhodesia

Jarvis — Brightman

Arnold Adrian Jarvis, only son of Sir John Jarvis, Bt., and of Lady Jarvis, of Hascombe Court, near Godalming, and Joan Brightman, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Brightman, of Farnham Lodge, Hampstead, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Gurteen — Perkin

Frank Maynard Gurteen, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Gurteen, of The Mount, Haverhill, Suffolk, and Beryl Mary Perkin, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings Perkin, of Bognor Regis, Sussex, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Thomson — Douglas

Sir James Douglas Wishart Thomson, Bt., M.P., only son of the late Sir Frederick Thomson, and of Lady Thomson, and Bettina Douglas, elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Commander David W. S. Douglas, R.N., and of Mrs. J. Richardson, were married at St. John's Church, Edinburgh

Graham — Grabham

Roderick Coverley Graham, R.E., only child of Major G. W. Graham and Mrs. Coverley Graham, and Violet Agnes Grabham, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grabham, of the Barracks, Cranbrook, Kent, were married recently at the Oratory, Brompton

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 9—October 15

THE THEATRE

Plays

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—A witty original comedy with an old story but a new treatment; Nicholas Hannen as a middle-aged playwright and Greer Garson as his young secretary are excellent; so is the whole cast: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE APPLE CART.—Third play of the Macdona Players' Shaw season, with Esmé Percy and Oriel Ross: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.—A revival of the Hemmerde-Neilson divorce-court play, with John Stuart, Franklin Dyall, Gillian Lind in it: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies now plays the woman's part in this two-charactered play; Oscar Homolka acts brilliantly as the man: Savoy, 8.45. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.—W. H. Auden's play opens the Group Theatre's season, with T. S. Eliot's SWEENEY AGONISTES: Westminster, 8.45. Wed., 6.30 and 9. Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—A new Shakespearean season opens; the cast includes Valentine Dyall, Richard Ainley, Maureen Shaw: Lyric, Hammersmith, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Frank's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

PEER GYNT.—William Devlin as Peer, Vivienne Bennett as Solveig, Florence Kahn, Ion Swinley are in this fine production of the Ibsen masterpiece: Old Vic, 7.45 (except Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

TWO SHARE A DWELLING.—Grete Mosheim is the star of Alice Campbell's play, plus Helen Haye, Wyndham Goldie, Henry Hewitt, Peter Gawthorne: St. James's, 8.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Celia Johnson, and Mackenzie Ward still play their parts in this unendingly popular play: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Peace and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 66.—Meggie Eaton and Edna Thompson sing; Eddie Kelland, Eric Barker, Hugh René, Eric Woodburn and Geoffrey Denton all do turns: Windmill, 1.20-11.30, non-stop.

STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A murder drama by James Parish, with Barbara Couper, Winifred Evans, Bernard Lee, Ronald Ward: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well—there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.—A full-blooded Restoration comedy of bad manners; Athene Seyler, Roy Byford, and Balliol Holloway are chief laughter-makers: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

THE BLACK EYE.—James Bridie's "novelette in dialogue" has a brilliant cast, including Jean Cadell, Jill Esmond, Cathleen Lacey, Stephen Haggard, Frank Pettingell: Shaftesbury, October 11th.

CINEMAS

ANNA KARENINA.—Garbo is the heroine of Tolstoy's story, with Fredric March as her lover: Empire.

BLACK FURY.—Paul Muni as a coal-miner, with Karen Morley and William Gargan in a mining-town drama: Regal.

CAR OF DREAMS.—The German star, Grete Mosheim, plays with John Mills, Norah Howard, and Robertson Hare in a gay comedy: New Gallery.

THE CROUCHING BEAST.—That fine actor, Fritz Kortner, is in this film of Valentine Williams' thriller, with Wynne Gibson: London Pavilion.

DANTE'S INFERNO.—A spectacular version of Hell, with Spencer Tracey, Claire Trevor as leads in the modern story that leads there. Also DOUBTING THOMAS, one of Will Rogers' last pictures: Capitol.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Good acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall in a sentimental story: Leicester Square Theatre.

THE INFORMER.—This is Liam O'Flaherty's brilliant novel filmed, with Victor McLaglen as the I.R.A. renegade. Also George Burns and Gracie Allen in a typical comedy, THE PLOT THICKENS: Plaza.

JAZZ COMEDY.—A modern Russian comic, with lots of broad fun and no propaganda, directed by Alexandrov: Academy.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is at last to be seen: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

MUSIC IN THE BLOOD.—A German musical, with the tenor, Leo Slezak, Hanna Waag, and Elsa Wagner as the stars. Also John Grierson's SONG OF CEYLON: Curzon.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore's second film has lots of singing, some story and good acting; Leo Carillo, Robert Allen, and Michael Bartlett, the tenor, are her three squires: Tivoli.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—This grand Edgar Wallace story, with Leslie Banks and Paul Robeson in it, is revived to some purpose: Marble Arch Pavilion.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?—The new Walt Disney gangster symphony is on: Tivoli and Leicester Square.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION (Stanford): to-night, 8.

BORIS GODUNOF: October 10th, 7.45.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION: October 12th, 2.30.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: October 12th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS.—THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY includes Pearl Argyle, Ursula Moreton, Elizabeth Miller, Margot Fonteyn, Beatrice Appleyard, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann, Harold Turner.

CARNAVAL, RIO GRANDE, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE: October 11th, 8.30.

COPPELIA, JOB: October 15th, 8.30.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The new repertoire of this clever and original company of dancers includes THE GREEN TABLE, THE MIRROR, THE BIG CITY, THE PRODIGAL SON, etc.: Gaiety, 8.45.

BALLETS DE LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY.—The repertoire includes SYLPHIDES, PETROUCHKA, CARNAVAL, PRINCE IGOR, L'AMOUR SORCIER; the dancers, besides Woizikovsky, include Tarakanova, Chanova, Blinova, Eglevsky: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

(*Continued on page* F)

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

CONCERTS

Orchestral

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Georg Széll conducts the L.P.O in Handel's Organ Concerto No. 4 (Thalben-Ball), Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major, Beethoven's Second Symphony: Queen's Hall, October 14th and 15th, 8.15.

Recitals

EDA KERSEY.—Violin recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

DUDLEY BRIDGE.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

PIATIGORSKY.—Second 'cello recital: Grotrian Hall, October 10th, 8.30.

BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS.—Adolf Busch, Busch Quartet, Rudolf Serkin, etc., perform the whole series at two concerts: first concert, Queen's Hall, October 10th, 8.

ISOLDE MENGES STRING QUARTET.—Sibelius-Wolf-Franck programme: Wigmore Hall, October 12th, 3.

ETHEL BARTLETT and RAE ROBERTSON.—Two-piano recital: Aeolian Hall, October 12th, 3.

VITYA VRONSKY, VICTOR BABIN.—Play chamber music with the Boyd Neel Orchestra: Wigmore Hall, October 15th, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS

ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: Grosvenor House.

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DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Elizabeth Welch, the coloured singer, entertains; Jack Harris and his band play; you can dance without dressing on the balcony: extension Wednesday.

CARLTON.—The new cabaret is in full swing; Lou Preager's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another new floor show, "Tyrol on Parade," has opened here; Syd Lipton provides dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The transformed "Jardin Fleuri" restaurant, plus cabaret, is now open; Maurice Winnick plays for dancing.

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QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Barker are here again; Van Straten's band plays; evening dress is optional "downstairs": extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café Chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

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